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Paul Clifford. By the Author of "Pelham," "Devereux," &c. 3 vols. post 8^{vo}. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

THIS is an age of intellectual Timons. Sir Walter Scott is, perhaps, the only man who has entirely deserved the title from his vast wealth and unlimited profusion; but Mr. Bulwer, Mr. Horace Smith, and numerous associates, have, if not the riches, at least, the unrestrainable extravagance of the type. The inevitable consequences have come alike on all. He of the hundred tales of beauty is at length a bankrupt; the author of "Brambletye House," never over-sumptuous in his cheer, has long ceased to offer anything but his lukewarm water; and "Pelham" is fast approaching the same doleful and insipid conclusion, although, by dint of hard labour and a careful steward, he still contrives to keep up appearances, and in some sort afford us entertainment. The descent from "The Disowned" to "Devereux" was indeed terrible to all lovers of good cheer; the dressing and seasoning were so changed, that we scarcely recognized the hand of the same artiste—it was like poor Mr. Brandon's underdone beef to follow a salmi of Lord Gulo-ton; and now that "Paul Clifford" proves little or no better, we are warranted in concluding, that the feasts of this once-promising disciple of Ude must be numbered amongst good things no more to be. Not that we are disposed to find fault with this author for writing and publishing about nine hundred pages per annum, for he of all men seems least likely to write better by writing more considerably; and we more than suspect in him a certain instability of opinion and feeling, which must incapacitate him for literary composition, unless the off-hand, "*stans pede in uno*" manner be permitted. Our grounds for adopting this theory may be found scattered through those four legitimate novels, on which the author is content to rest his fame; for we agree with him in putting quite aside that unlucky bantling, "Falkland," which he justly feels some shame in owning, and would have more wisely left to the paternal cares of the well-known young gentleman who so long claimed it in all companies. We think, then, that in this inharmonious quartet, a careless reader may discover that the composer has been, in no long space of time, both a philanthropist and a misanthrope—an utilitarian and a denouncer of that heresy—a lauder and a libeller of the aristocracy—a stoic and an epicurean in philosophy—a patriot and an insouciant in politics—a sentimentalist and a satirist of feeling; and so on, for a column of antitheses, which our mercy spares the reader. In short, the whole constitution of his mind seems altered by the last author he has studied; and having quite talent enough to re-mould

and embellish the opinions of his temporary favourite, he quite foregoes personal identity, and is on one page a Bolingbroke, on the next a Bentham, on the third a Fielding, and so on. This versatility of character is not only annoying in itself, and derogatory to the author's reputation, but it sadly detracts from the pleasure we should otherwise feel, when he is painting the dignity and beauty of virtue—when his theme is truth and love—for on these occasions, of all others, does the reader desire to feel sure that it is the man's heart, and not his library, that is speaking. Yet it is but common justice to acknowledge that the best passages of Mr. Bulwer's writings are those descriptive of the better part of man's nature—the interchange of affection and benevolence.

To the above remarks, the hackneyed objection may be urged, that the writers of fiction are not responsible for the sins of their imaginary creations; and to this there are but two answers:—first, that the inconsistency and changeableness complained of, are to be found not only in the language of the characters, but in the didactic and dissertatory passages of these works;—and, secondly, that all men are, in one sense, answerable for the sentiments they may put in the mouths of the personages they design; for the public always can, and generally do, decide correctly, whether the author intends a mere ideal being, or a portrait, imaginary or real, of his beloved self. The world confounded Byron with his heroes, and he, although not really resembling them in character, had yet the foolish vanity of striving to be and to appear like them; and it detected through the flashy masquerade of "Pelham," the less aristocratic form of Pelham's author, because, in both instances, there was the mark of the beast—the not to be mistaken stamp of egotism luxuriating in its own description. Yet we never heard Sir Walter accused of resemblance to Ravenswood, or Mr. Godwin of identity with Mandeville; and those, notwithstanding, are two portraits, that for truth and life have seldom or ever been surpassed. Our author, indeed, returns some awkward thanks to the public, for confounding him with the elegant Pelham, who was, after all, as he endeavours to show, a remarkably nice young man; but, however anxious he may be, to be so mistaken, we must altogether decline to believe that he does really resemble that disgusting, though amusing, compound of conceit, affectation, impertinence, licentiousness, and insincerity. By the way, in the same place, (the preface to "Paul Clifford,") we are told that the said Pelham was "meant to be a practical satire on the exaggerated and misanthropical romance of the day—a human being whose real good qualities put to shame the sickly sentimentalism of blue skies and bare throats,

sombre coxcombs, and interesting villanies;"—in other words, it was to do away with the Satanic school, and cure the youths of the day of looks, habits, and feelings, à la Byron:—an excellent scheme, no doubt, but a little like curing a scarlet fever by prescriptions of *eau sucrée* and oil of jessamin.

In our remarks on the author of "Pelham," we have hitherto neglected to advise the reader that he must receive our criticisms with all imaginable distrust, as we are at this moment smarting under a most merciless attack upon the "Athenæum," contained in the production which this article professes to review. Very early in the first volume, mention is made of a periodical called the "Asinæum," edited by one Peter McGrawler, who superintends the education of the hero; but we continued for some time to read on in innocent and unsuspecting ignorance, thinking it a good nickname for a dull review, and perhaps smiling at its unlucky resemblance to our own august title. Presently some remarks occurred seeming in some degree to fix the opprobrious appellation on ourselves;—we remembered, too, that the *sobriquet* was a plagiarism from the Age newspaper, in which it was applied to the club whose name we bear, some weeks before;—the remarks in question displayed also the same elegant taste and good feeling which ordinarily characterize the Age, and thus the awful suspicion broke upon us, that the writer was the same in both cases, and that the Athenæum Journal was intended in the one attack, as the Athenæum Club had been in the other. This suspicion ripened into certainty when we found a quotation given as a sample of the "facetious tickle," taken from our review of "Devereux," and running thus, "The writer of this book has gained a considerable reputation among different classes of people. Many fine ladies think him a great philosopher; and he has been praised in our hearing by a party of Cambridge fellows, for his knowledge of fashionable society." This example, observes our author, "was selected from the criticisms of a distinguished writer in the Asinæum, called *par excellence*, the Ass." It would be unfair to the good taste and good sense of our facetious foe, not to quote the best parts of this attack. The following is a portrait of the editor:—

"Farther on, at another table in the corner of the room, a gentleman with a red wig, very rusty garments, and linen which seemed as if it had been boiled in saffron, smoked his pipe, apart, silent, and apparently plunged in meditation. This gentleman was no other than Mr. Peter Mac Grawler, the editor of a magnificent periodical, entitled the 'Asinæum,' which was written to prove, that whatever is popular is necessarily bad,—a valuable and recondite truth which the Asinæum had satisfactorily demonstrated by ruining three printers, and demolishing a publisher." i. 20.

This, and the curious piece of information, that "the very best writer in the *Asinæum* gets only three shillings an article—almost more than he deserves, for he who writes for nobody should receive nothing,"—strike us as the best hits in Paul Clifford, though the character of the editor Mac Grawler is skillfully and delicately drawn. This luckless gentleman, failing to live by the *Asinæum*, turns pickpocket, then highwayman, then king's evidence against his kindest friend, then hangman, and lastly a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Our limits do not allow us to dwell longer on this painful subject, so we must leave the public to applaud the refinement and judiciousness of this attack, and take leave of our assailant with a confession of the overwhelming confusion we feel, and an assurance that nothing but false delicacy prevented our addressing to him a PRIVATE LETTER "*expressive of our general respect and admiration for his writings, and our earnest hope that no calm conviction of our dulness, but some insensibly felt dislike or ill-will towards us, as individuals, had coloured his remarks.*"

Paul Clifford has the singular merit of being exempt from the affectation and frivolity, which so disfigured its author's earlier works. Its main fault is extreme improbability. A highwayman hero, who, almost without education, and entirely without decent society, turns out the most refined of men in manner, language and feeling, is too much for any novel-reader's credulity. Another great mistake of the author's, is the introduction of numerous scenes descriptive only of the habits and slang of low London thieves and pot-companions. This he defends on principle in his preface, contending, that as works relating solely to the lower classes of Scotland and Ireland, have met with such general approbation, and the *patois* of the sister kingdom enjoys such popularity with the most fastidious readers, that the language of St. Giles is entitled also to its students and admirers. This is a melancholy instance of bad logic; for it may be observed in the first place, that the Scotch peasantry have the advantage of being highly educated, and the Irish of being eminently witty—whilst the English populace have rarely a shadow of either merit; and secondly the dialect of a *class* has no affinity to that of a *party*, nor does it follow, that because those are amusing, who by necessity from age to age are the treasurers of the national peculiarities both of thought and feeling, therefore rogues and ruffians must be amusing. We have not heard that Sir Walter Scott, with all his fondness for pictures from low life, is about to bring out any colloquies of Gilmerton carriers, or that Mr. Banim meditates inflicting upon us the dialogues of Dublin "blowens," as our author would obscurely term them.

The story of Clifford is soon told. The hero is the child of unknown parents (his mother, one of the unfortunates, dies in the first chapter); and after a misspent youth, though not a guilty one, he boldly takes the road, and becomes the gallant and chivalric leader of a troop of highwaymen. The immediate cause of his adopting this lawless life, is an imprisonment to which he is subjected on a false accusation of stealing a watch, belonging to an eminent lawyer, by name Brandon, who is the most important

personage in the book. In the prison he becomes corrupted, and escapes in company with the rogue who corrupts him. After numerous adventures of the Turpin character, our hero goes to Bath in the disguise of a gentleman and in quest of an heiress. There he encounters Lucy Brandon, the heroine, and niece of the lawyer above mentioned. Deep love and fierce remorse ensue. The following beautiful little episode introduces his first positive declaration:—

"Silent, and stilling the breath which heaved in both quick and fitfully, Lucy and Clifford sat together. The streets were utterly deserted, and the loneliness, as they looked below, made them feel the more intensely not only the emotions which swelled within them, but the undefined and electric sympathy which, in uniting them, divided them from the world. The quiet around was broken by a distant strain of rude music; and as it came nearer, two forms, of no poetical order, grew visible; the one was a poor blind man, who was drawing from his flute tones in which the melancholy beauty of the air compensated for any deficiency (the deficiency was but slight) in the execution. A woman much younger than the musician, and with something of beauty in her countenance, accompanied him, holding a tattered hat, and looking wistfully up at the windows of the silent street. We said two forms—we did the injustice of forgetfulness to another—a rugged and simple friend, it is true, but one that both minstrel and wife had many and moving reasons to love. This was a little wirey terrier, with dark, piercing eyes, that glanced quickly and sagaciously in all quarters from beneath the shaggy covert that surrounded them; slowly the animal moved onward, pulling gently against the string by which he was held, and by which he guided his master. Once, his fidelity was tempted, another dog invited him to play: the poor terrier looked anxiously and doubtfully round, and then, uttering a long growl of denial, pursued

The noiseless tenour of his way.

"The little procession stopped beneath the window where Lucy and Clifford sat; for the quick eye of the woman had perceived them, and she laid her hand on the blind man's arm, and whispered him. He took the hint, and changed his air into one of love. Clifford glanced at Lucy, her cheek was dyed in blushes. The air was over,—another succeeded—it was of the same kind; a third—the burthen was still unaltered—and then Clifford threw into the street a piece of money, and the dog wagged his abridged and dwarfed tail, and darting forward, picked it up in his mouth, and the woman (she had a kind face!) patted the officious friend, even before she thanked the donor, and then she dropped the money with a cheering word or two into the blind man's pocket, and the three wanderers moved slowly on. Presently they came to a place where the street had been mended, and the stones lay scattered about. Here the woman no longer trusted to the dog's guidance, but anxiously hastened to the musician, and led him with evident tenderness and minute watchfulness over the rugged way. When they had passed the danger, the man stopped, and before he released the hand which had guided him, he pressed it gratefully, and then both the husband and the wife stooped down and caressed the dog. This little scene, one of those rough copies of the loveliness of human affections, of which so many are scattered about the highways of the world—both the lovers had involuntarily watched; and now as they withdrew their eyes—those eyes settled on each other—Lucy's swam in tears.

"To be loved and tended by the one I love," said Clifford in a low voice, "I would walk blind and barefoot over the whole earth!"

The respectability of Mr. Clifford is suspected and he finds it necessary to quit his mistress, whose affections are by this time entirely secured. She is left in great perplexity at this desertion, and at the dark hints he throws out with regard to his former life. Brandon her uncle, now a judge, with a peerage and the woolsock in prospect, employs every art to induce her to marry his old patron and companion, Lord Mauleverer, a roué and epicure now something in the vale of years. His efforts prove unsuccessful. The plot now thickens, Lucy's father dies and she removes to her uncle's in London. There, some dark passages of his life, when for a time he mysteriously vanished from the eyes of men, are cleared up, and he is exhibited in a shape more hideous than even a novelist's villain often wears. It appears that he had formed when a young man, a violent passion for a beautiful but low-born girl, whom he had married and retired with to solitude and indigence. Satiety and disgust soon followed, and on the accidental appearance of his old college friend Mauleverer, he plotted with that worthy person the seduction of his own wife (feigning her to be his mistress only), got rid of her in this manner, and then returned to the world and the pursuits of gain and ambition. His child, the only being for whom he had human feeling, was carried off from him at the age of three years, by a band of housebreakers, headed by his wife, who had become acquainted with his perfidy and took this terrible mode of revenge. All trace is lost of the boy for many years. It is hardly necessary to add that he is the hero of this tale: Brandon accidentally obtains a clue to his long-lost heir in examining a witness, and sets all engines at work to discover him, for a time in vain. Meanwhile, Lord Mauleverer sets out for London at the Judge's invitation to prosecute his addresses to Lucy, but he meets her lover on the road, and is rifled by him after a conflict, the description of which we would willingly extract, did our limits admit of our doing so.

Mr. Clifford shortly after this adventure, is betrayed to the officers of justice by the M'Grawler editor before mentioned, whom he had sheltered in his cave from charity. He escapes for a time, but is severely wounded and retaken in a desperate and successful attempt to free his comrades. His trial comes on at the assizes, and Brandon is the judge. The whole sketch of the proceedings is given with great spirit. The defence of the prisoner being an attack on existing laws, is very striking. But we have only space to mention that just as the jury have retired to consider their verdict, a paper is brought into the Court and handed to Brandon by one of his emissaries, which satisfies him that the unhappy man at the bar is his own child. As he reads this note, the Judge's head is observed to droop suddenly, as if by a sickness or a spasm, but he recovers himself instantly to receive the verdict of the jury:—

"The verdict was as all had foreseen, 'Guilty;' but it was coupled with a strong recommendation to mercy.

"The prisoner was then asked, in the usual form, whether he had to say anything why sentence of death should not be passed against him.

"As these dread words struck upon his ear, slowly the prisoner rose. He directed first toward the jury a brief and keen glance, and his

eyes then rested full, and with a stern significance, on the face of his Judge.

"My Lord," he began, "I have but one reason to advance against the sentence of the law. If you have interest to prevent or mitigate it, that reason will, I think, suffice to enlist you on my behalf. I said that the first cause of those offences against the law which bring me to this bar, was the committing me to prison on a charge of which I was wholly innocent! My Lord Judge, you were the man who accused me of that charge, and subjected me to that imprisonment! Look at me well, my Lord, and you may trace in the countenance of the hardened felon you are about to adjudge to death, the features of a boy whom, some seven years ago, you accused before a London magistrate of the theft of your watch. On the oath of a man who has one step on the threshold of death, the accusation was unjust. And, fit minister of the laws you represent! you, who will now pass my doom,—you were the cause of my crimes! My Lord, I have done. I am ready to add another to the long and dark list of victims who are first polluted, and then sacrificed, by the blindness and the injustice of human codes!"

"While Clifford spoke, every eye turned from him to the Judge, and every one was appalled by the ghastly and fearful change which had fallen over Brandon's face. Men said afterwards, that they saw written there, in terrible distinctness, the characters of death; and there certainly seemed something awful and preternatural in the bloodless and haggard calmness of his proud features. Yet his eye did not quail, nor the muscles of his lip quiver. And with even more than his wonted loftiness, he met the regard of the prisoner. But as alone conspicuous throughout the motionless and breathless crowd, the Judge and criminal gazed upon each other; and as the eyes of the spectators wandered on each, a thrilling and electric impression of a powerful likeness between the doomed and the doomer, for the first time in the trial, struck upon the audience, and increased, though they scarcely knew why, the sensation of pain and dread which the prisoner's last words excited. Perhaps it might have chiefly arisen from a common expression of fierce emotion conquered by an iron and stern character of mind, or perhaps, now that the ashy paleness of exhaustion had succeeded the excited flush on the prisoner's face, the similarity of complexion thus obtained, made the likeness more obvious than before; or perhaps the spectators had not hitherto fixed so searching, or, if we may so speak, so alternating a gaze upon the two. However that be, the resemblance between the men, placed as they were in such widely different circumstances—that resemblance which, as we have hinted, had at certain moments occurred startlingly to Lucy, was now plain and unavoidably striking:—the same the dark hue of their complexions, the same the haughty and Roman outline of their faces, the same the height of the forehead, the same even a displeasing and sarcastic rigidity of mouth, which made the most conspicuous feature in Brandon, and which was the only point that deteriorated from the singular beauty of Clifford. But above all, the same inflexible, defying, stubborn spirit,—though in Brandon it assumed the stately east of majesty, and in Clifford it seemed the desperate sternness of the bravo, stamped itself in both. Though Clifford ceased, he did not resume his seat, but stood in the same attitude as that in which he had reversed the order of things, and merged the petitioner in the accuser. And Brandon himself, without speaking or moving, continued still to survey him. So, with erect fronts, and marble countenances, in which what was defying and resolute did not altogether quell a mortal leaven of pain and dread, they looked as might have looked the two men in the

Eastern story, who had the power of gazing each other unto death.

"What, at that moment, was raging in Brandon's heart, it is in vain to guess. He doubted not for a moment that he beheld before him his long-lost, his anxiously-demanded son! Every fibre, every corner of his complex and gloomy soul, that certainty reached, and blasted with a hideous and irresistible glare! The earliest, perhaps the strongest, though often the least acknowledged, principle of his mind, was the desire to rebuild the fallen honours of his house; its last scion he now beheld before him, covered with the darkest ignominies of the law! He had coveted worldly honours; he beheld their legitimate successor in a convicted felon! He had garnered the few affections he had spared from the objects of pride and ambition in his son. That son he was about to adjudge to the gibbet and the hangman! Of late, he had increased the hopes of regaining his lost treasure, even to an exultant certainty. Lo! the hopes were accomplished! How? With these thoughts warring, in what manner we dare not even by an epithet express, within him, we may cast one hasty glance on the horror of aggravation they endured, when he heard the prisoner accuse him as the cause of his present doom, and felt himself at once the murderer and the judge of his son!

"Minutes had elapsed since the voice of the prisoner ceased; and Brandon now drew forth the black cap. As he placed it slowly over his brows, the increasing and corpse-like whiteness of his face became more glaringly visible, by the contrast which this dread head-gear presented. Twice as he essayed to speak, his voice failed him, and an indistinct murmur came forth from his hueless lips, and died away like a fitful and feeble wind. But with the third effort, the resolution and long self-tyranny of the man conquered, and his voice went clear and unflinching through the crowd, although the severe sweetness of its wonted tones was gone, and it sounded strange and hollow on the ears that drank it.

"Prisoner at the bar!—It has become my duty to announce to you the close of your mortal career. You have been accused of a daring robbery, and, after an impartial trial, a jury of your countrymen, and the laws of your country, have decided against you. The recommendation to mercy—(here, only, throughout his speech, Brandon gasped convulsively for breath,)—so humanely added by the jury, shall be forwarded to the supreme power, but I cannot flatter you with much hope of its success—(the lawyers looked with some surprise at each other: they had expected a far more unqualified mandate, to abjure all hope from the jury's recommendation).—Prisoner! for the opinions you have expressed, you are now only answerable to your God: I forbear to arraign them. For the charge you have made against me, whether true or false, and for the anguish it has given me, may you find pardon at another tribunal! It remains for me only—under a reserve too slight, as I have said, to afford you a fair promise of hope—only to—to—(all eyes were on Brandon: he felt it, exerted himself for a last effort, and proceeded)—to pronounce on you the sharp sentence of the law! It is, that you be taken back to the prison whence you came, and thence (when the supreme authority shall appoint) to the place of execution, to be there hanged by the neck till you are dead; and the Lord God Almighty have mercy on your soul!" p. 293—99.

This is certainly a finely-conceived situation, and very powerfully described. The rest is soon told. The violent emotions of the Judge acting on a diseased frame already subject to fearful attacks of the heart, bring on *angina pectoris*, and he is found dead soon

after leaving the Court. His unhappy son is transported for life, but escapes, and is joined by Lucy, who marries him and endows him with her fortune. They fly to America together, and live and die according to the goods old rule of novels.

Before closing these remarks, we must briefly notice two scenes in this novel, on which the author seems especially to plume himself. They were written, he informs us, by the advice of an enlightened friend, and the whole work was originally to have been framed on the same principle. These are ridiculous caricatures of the government and aristocracy, in the persons of low London thieves meeting at the flash houses of Gentleman George, and Bachelor Bill, of course the King and the Duke of Devonshire. This sort of travestie is a very old idea, and was never in its best days a good one; nor is our author at all calculated to succeed in waggeries of this kind. He is singularly deficient in humour, as we think all his novels show, and therefore compelled to eke out the defective interest of such scenes by a great deal of coarseness and personality. We can assure him that these favourite passages are the chief blemishes of his work, whatever a flattering press or a foolish friend may say, and earnestly advise him for the sake of his own reputation, to omit in his future works, all strainings after the humorous, and pursue those walks in which he has proved himself formed to succeed.

Levi and Sarah; or, the Jewish Lovers, a Polish Tale. By Julius Ursinus Niemcewicz. Translated from the German. Post 8vo. London, 1830. Murray.

THIS tale was composed by the eminent Polish patriot, and friend to humanity generally, whose name we have given in the title, for a purpose with which the end that its publication in this country, if it produce any effect at all, is likely to answer, is not perhaps quite accordant. The object of Niemcewicz is evidently a benevolent one towards the Jews; his labour is directed to the raising of their moral character, by exposing to themselves rather than to their christian fellow subjects, the absurdity, the enormity, and the consequences of certain of their tenets, prejudices, and practices. This is done in a correspondence supposed to be carried on by Jews themselves, and into which a little romance is ingeniously introduced for the purpose of exciting interest. The exposure we have alluded to, is very judiciously made to proceed from Israelites, who, more enlightened than their brethren, without apostatising from their religion, so far partake the civilized notions of their christian neighbours, as to be able to throw off the influence of the false doctrines which have been engrafted on the pure religion of the Old Testament. As friends to the cause of universal toleration in matters of belief, we regret the appearance of the book at present, not because we think it is calculated to do harm or excite intolerant feelings in well-disposed persons who read it through, but because it may afford a handle to party spirit wherewith to work mischief. We are of that class of persons who hold the opinion, that the first and most necessary step to be taken towards raising a people or a sect from a state of moral degradation, is to remove from them all cause for feeling conscious of political or social inferiority; and we think, therefore, that in order to improve the Jews—and heaven knows how much we consider them to stand in need of improvement!—it is incumbent on us christians, as far as in us lies, to remove the barrier of

separation which isolates them from the rest of the community. There is nothing, we are persuaded, so efficacious towards overcoming prejudices and superstitions, national or religious, as a widely-extended, enlightened, mutual intercourse between individuals and nations on terms of perfect equality. To render the Jews like ourselves, the very best and surest way is to admit them freely among us. Their elders will in vain preach the doctrines of the Talmud, the Mishna, and Gemara, to those who enjoy unrestrained intercourse with enlightened society. Those doctrines are detestable enough, no doubt—much more so we venture to assert than the greater portion of our readers would imagine or believe; but they are so atrocious that they carry with them their own antidote, were proper facilities allowed for the operation of their remedial qualities. A few of them we shall extract as curiosities, and for the purpose, not of increasing any unfavourable feeling already existing towards the Jews, but of exposing the sources of the errors in their present moral character, and of proving what we have already asserted, that they would not stand the test, which their holders would be forced to put them in general and free intercourse with society. We must remind our readers, moreover, that the disapprobation expressed of the objectionable tenets, is supposed by the author to proceed from Jews themselves—meaning thereby to express his conviction, that he was only rendering his book the organ of every enlightened Israelite.

Sarah, in one of her letters to her lover Levi, gives the following instance of the notions of morality of the people to which she belongs. The Jews in Poland, it may be mentioned, are the principal innkeepers, and the house of Sarah's father is to be considered as having served for the purpose of an hotel to a family of travellers, the night previous to the transaction disclosed in the following passages:—

"They passed the night with us, and left early on the following morning. When their apartment was being cleaned out, my eldest brother found a ring, with a handsome, but not very valuable diamond. He ran to me full of joy at his good fortune in finding the jewel.

"Don't lose it," said I, "I saw it on the hand of the young lady who slept here last night, and it must be returned to her."

"Returned to her!" cried the boy. "It is no Jew, but a Christian that has lost it, and therefore it belongs to the finder."

"As I was trying to explain to him that we were bound to restore to every one whatever belongs to him, and the boy debating it, my father came in, and when he understood the matter in dispute, took the ring from David, and gave him eight groschen for it.

"Nobly done!" said I to my father. "If David had kept the ring he would probably have lost it, and it could not have been given back to the owner."

"That is not to be thought of," replied my father; "for according to our law, whatever a Jew finds, belonging to the Gojim, becomes his own."

"That law is incomprehensible to me," said I, "and is highly unjust."

"Ah!" he cried, "so thou readest in thy heretical Polish books! I have not my books here, and I insist on your going directly, with me, to the rabbin, and once for all set the matter at rest." p. 38-9.

She is before the rabbin, who is highly wrath at the liberal notions of the fair Israelite:

"He at length became more tranquil, took up a book that lay before him, turned over the leaves, pointed to a passage, and said, 'read there, thou disgrace of our people! what the blessed Rabaine Bechaie, the first luminary of our law, says, in page 176, in such cases; see

besides, what is said still more clearly by Szem Meszmiel:—"When a Jew finds any goods lost by another, not a Jew, he is not bound to give them back again; but, on the contrary, is forbidden to do so."

"He then gave me a book, with the title of 'Menoras Hamuer,' where, in Chapter XI. page 13, are these words: 'any articles lost by a Goi, and found by a Jew, belongs to the latter, as we see in the exposition of the Talmud by the rabbin Simon, who expatiates on the subject at great length.' I lifted up my eyes with astonishment, when Josiel, with a voice of thunder, cried out, 'Read further! read on!' And my father repeating the words, I proceeded thus:—"It is not, indeed, permitted to the Jew openly to rob the Gojim, for a curse is denounced against it; but he is fully permitted to steal from them privately." p. 41-2.

The doctrine of the lawfulness of cheating Christians is further expounded in a subsequent part of the volume, by another learned rabbin, a miracle of wisdom:

"You ask if it is permitted to cheat the Christians? Can you doubt of that, that you inquire of me? Has not the question been solved thousands of times by our learned commentators and doctors, in their various writings? It is, however, in the Talmud, in the treatise Megilla, page 13, thus written:—"It is allowed to the Jew to deceive a Christian; be thou pure towards the pure, but wicked towards the wicked." Again, in the Book Zoar-hammor, page 129, 'We know that we are in captivity to the Edomites, but we are also persuaded that the God of Israel looks down upon us Jews, and will burst asunder our fetters.' Then again, read what is said in the Commentary of Rabbin Mochebar Majemon on the Talmudist Dissertation Sanchedim, page 121. 'With regard to all who are uncircumcised and believe not in the prophets, we are bound not only to defraud them, but to beat them. When we have the power, we may root them out: when we have it not, we may, by cunning, prepare and further their ruin. If thou seest a Goi fall into a well or pit, and a ladder is at hand, take it away and say, I will call my son to help me, and will bring the ladder in a moment; but do it not.' In short, Rabbin Levi Ben Gerson, in his Dissertation on the 5th Book of Moses, maintains 'that it is not merely the privilege of the Jews to cheat the Christians, but that it is their duty so to do.' p. 146-48.

We quote the following as an amusing piece of casuistry:

"We have lately had under the consideration of our rabbins, some violations of the law, which required atonement and absolution. Reuben, one of our brotherhood, had been eating some stewed meat, and had laid down his spoon on a basin of milk. Immediately after the act, it struck him that he had sinned,† when he put on his garment of prayer, and repaired to the rabbin. The learned man looked immediately for the book of Jerach Deyach, in which at least ten thousand such cases are discussed. After turning over the leaves a long time, and comparing some passages with others, he said, 'In this very peculiar case, I must own that I have not sufficient confidence in myself to form a judgment. It is beyond the competence of a common rabbin. It is necessary to have recourse to one more learned, especially to one whose knowledge will be submitted to by all the elders.' p. 78-9.

The following is at once a striking and an amusing picture of the education received by

† This supposed crime arises from an injunction in the Mosaic law, which forbids a kid to be seethed in his mother's milk. It influences many Jews, even in England, not to eat cheese after having eaten meat, and some of the more rigid will leave the room at the close of dinner if cheese is brought."

Jewish youth. We are given to understand that such a system of instruction is not confined to Poland.

"Our rabbins and elders have chiefly busied themselves in endeavouring to exclude from our youth all such information as might reach them, and in propagating among our young people such degrading views and principles as were most favourable to their own influence. Even at three years of age our children's heads are filled with stories of ghosts and apparitions. At four years the idea of a God is imparted to them, and at the same time it is inculcated that the Jews alone are His people, and that all others are despicable and accursed. At five years the boy is sent to a school, where he reads the books of Moses; but he learns at the same time the commentaries filled with explanations of them, containing a multitude of injurious prejudices. He is then taught Hebrew, and if he is either stupid or timid, blows are applied. His head becomes confused, and he learns by rote, for even the teacher scarcely ever understands the language. In his eighth year, being without any knowledge of the country or the inhabitants, he is taught that the Jews are a great nation, and the Christians are to be hated, because they stand in the way of the Jews—do not adhere to the traditions of the elders—eat swine's flesh—do not observe the sabbath—and above all, are not circumcised. Early in the morning the pupil must wash his hands, not for purposes of cleanliness, but to drive away the unclean spirits, who, during the night, fix themselves on the nails of his fingers. When he passes by a church and hears the sound of the organ or the singing, he must stop his ears lest such sounds should pollute his soul; and in this way he becomes persuaded, that whoever is not a Jew, is worse than a demon. In the same year he begins to learn the Talmud, and is, though a child, lectured on marriages, and divorces, on the cleanness and uncleanness of females, and of the wars of animals. These lessons are continued from morning to night, are often accompanied by chastisement, such as may poison in the spring of life the minds of the young. As their years increase, the education proceeds; and if the parent perceives his son to be a diligent student, all his care and ambition are directed to make him a distinguished Talmudic scholar and a rabbin, in order that he may be able to marry advantageously.

"In the twelfth year a girl of ten is brought to him, and he is ordered to marry her. After the ceremony he continues still a pupil, and at length becomes either a rabbin or a tradesman, or what is much more common, a mere idle loiterer. Except the most simple rules of arithmetic, he has been taught little that social life requires, and learnt only prejudices, absurdities, and unextinguishable animosity." p. 180-82.

There are parts of this exposition which might serve as a hint even to some Christian tutors.

We shall close our extracts with a description of the most mischievous of the Jewish sects.

"The most zealous and also the most injurious of our sects, is that which bears the name of the Chassidim. It was founded in Podolia, about one hundred years ago, in the town of Miendschibosch, by a rabbin named Israel Bael Achem. He asserted that a Jew, one Laryl, had discovered in the library of the Maimonides in Egypt, in 1575, an important and hitherto unknown work, containing information and truths, which led him to a nearer view of the Almighty God. Elated by so valuable a discovery, he began to preach a very convenient doctrine of morals, which flattered the passions of mankind, and indulged his followers in all kinds of crimes and abominations. He maintained that he was favoured with extraordinary revelations, could banish ghosts, heal the diseased,

make barren women fruitful, and work miracles. He was looked upon, in short, both living and dead, as a kind of divinity. His doctrines gained many adherents, especially among the young, as they nourished, or at least tolerated, sensual indulgences; and hence in the present day, many adhere to them and extend their baneful influence. Even now there are some chiefs of this sect to whom, from Poland and from the provinces which once were Poland, more than thirty or forty Jews and Jewesses make pilgrimages. They believe that when one of their rabbins becomes a Cabalist, he thereby becomes a kind of Deity, that he understands the language of animals, of trees, and of flowers—that he can avert the inflictions of the demons—can determine in war who shall conquer and who shall be subdued—and can dethrone such monarchs as are unfavourable to the Jews: in short, that every thing yields to his prophetic power. The chief principle of the sect is, that each one who belongs to it is so enveloped in sanctity, that it is impossible he should ever lose his station by any transgression, or by any criminal action whatsoever. The sect is so persevering and so powerful, that any one who should dare to expose its secrets, or publicly to refute them, must make up his mind to sacrifice his life. If you should ever hear that I have been murdered, you may be assured that I have fallen by their hands.

"It is the practice of this sect to gratify every desire, and by that means to increase their devotees. They often assemble with their rabbins. The most high-seasoned dishes, the most inflammatory liquors, excite the passions of the voluptuary. Speeches are made in their phrensy. Sometimes the rabbin gives to one of the assembly the head of a fish well peppered, and assures him that the soul of his departed father dwells in the fish. Sometimes the rabbin appears in a phrensy, calls to the angels whom he affects to see, by name, groans dreadfully, utters prophecies of future events, and announces the speedy advent of the Messiah. They consider it a great crime to speak any other language than the Hebrew. Their numbers are on the increase. The women especially are attached to them, and contribute considerable sums of money to their support. This sect does not disdain to borrow some customs from the Heathens. In the towns they build houses over the graves of the rabbis, and are accustomed to them to perform the most absurd offerings and in the wildest manner." p. 184—87.

To those who know how to use as not abusing knowledge, we recommend this book. The information it contains on the subject of Jewish notions and practices, is highly curious and interesting. The editor takes pains to assure us that the truth of the representations and the fidelity of the extracts, full as they are of scarcely credible absurdities, from the cabalistical writings and other text-books of the Hebrews, may be implicitly relied on.

The Barony. By Miss Anna Maria Porter. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Longman.

Miss Anna Maria Porter has been long known to the public as a writer of novels, and has obtained rather a distinguished character in this department of literature. We do not however think her present effort at all likely to increase her already well-established reputation. She has wasted her strength in dilating into 1550 closely printed pages what might have been much better treated in less than half the space.

We are aware that publishers now-a-days discourage all novels which do not extend to three volumes, and simply for this very cogent reason—that thirty or twenty-seven shillings per copy are more profitable than twenty or eighteen;—for whether the work be in two

volumes or three signifies little, as far as regards the sale: so that, from the *weavers* of romances and *manufacturers* of novels, three volumes are absolutely demanded by the publishers. Now Miss Anna Maria Porter has not only produced her three volumes in accordance with the commercial fiat of these *Sultans* of the press, but each of hers contains as much as two of the ordinary standard; so that of a good or bad thing, as it may happen, for twenty-seven shillings, we have just twice the quantity of letter-press that we have been in the habit of purchasing in New Burlington Street for the same sum. So far, however, from thanking the fair author of the "Barony" for this, it is precisely the thing for which we blame her. Thus, not only is the purchaser's money thrown away, but the time of the author; and her book has been spoiled; since it would have been just twice as good if it had been only half as long. Her narrative is so tediously prolix that the interest of the reader evaporates in downright *ennui*. The stimulus required to force the attention through a progress of three thick volumes, is neutralized by the tardiness of action, the paucity of incident, and the wearisomeness of declamation, which are their prevailing but repulsive features. The descriptions are so painfully elaborated, the dialogue so dozingly tame and long, that we were quite weary of the "Barony" before we had got through half the first volume. Moreover we do not think the dramatic portion of the subject skillfully adapted. The machinery is loose and ill-disposed. The characters are rather coarse portraits than vigorous realities. Many of them are clumsy copies of those which we have been familiar with in novels for the last half century. They exhibit no originality, no vigour of outline, no expertness of finish, no witchery of touch. We discover no dashes of genius, no fulminations of intellect,—nothing but laboured, *respectable* mediocrity. We may, indeed, except the character of Villiers, which is a spirited portrait, although a perfect violation of historical identity. He reforms from a sot, a gambler, and atheist, into a perfect hero of romance. His marriage with Anna Trevanion is a forced and unnatural event. The hero and heroine—if Eveleen Hungerford be the heroine, for she is certainly the most interesting lady of the story,—do not become man and wife, yet they both marry; but we feel little or no concern for the wife of the one or the husband of the other. This is very unskillfully contrived, and so weakens the interest of the narrative, that we close the volumes quite dissatisfied with their termination, although all the parties are left finally happy.

We cannot but complain, too, of the strong party bias which these volumes display. There is a moral injustice in blackening the character of the Roman Catholic King James, and softening that of the profligate Protestant Lord Villiers. It is both in bad spirit and in bad taste. The author of "Devereux" has indeed set the example of this latter act of literary delinquency. He seems to have imagined, that from his *tinder-box* he could strike such a light as should cast a glory around moral corruption, and irradiate the character of a man whom history has so justly stigmatized. But he is egregiously deceived if he imagines that the preface of a novel, read but to be despised and forgotten, will persuade one intelligent reader to abandon the authority of history, and rest his faith upon the gratuitous asseverations of a mere literary journeyman.

We are sorry that the author of the "Barony" should have somewhat weakened the moral of her story by this double violation of historic truth. If she chose to resort to history for the actors of her romance, she should have represented them as she found them, however she might see fit to employ them.

There is another defect in Miss Anna Maria Porter's book which we cannot conscientiously pass over; her hero is kept out of sight until after the *dénouement*, when we are fatigued with a tedious and quite unnecessary detail of his hair-breadth escapes from the Cevennes, before his final restoration to his family. In one of these perilous adventures his child is torn from the mother's bosom by the hair of its head, and hurled into the air, when a kind mountaineer opportunely starts out of a thicket, catches, like a cricket-ball, the squalling projectile, and runs off with it to a place of security. Three pages would have sufficed for all that the fair author of the "Barony" has woven into a dull tissue of a hundred at the end of her work.

After having censured Miss Anna Maria Porter's volumes so freely, we should be glad if we could say something in commendation of her style—but this we cannot do: it is timid, stiff, and wordy; is deficient both in neatness and variety. There is often a pompous loquacity, which is not only out of character but also out of place; and in aiming to be striking, words and phrases are used which are frequently affected, and sometimes absurd. For example, we have such expressions as the following: *terribleness, mistaking, floral, reminder, self-centredness, self-willedness, scripturalness*, &c. We have also such phrases as these—"riante images," "Lady B. exhaled in invectives," "the graceless's own habits," "water in which the wild flowers glassed themselves,"—*cum multis aliis*.

We shall now conclude our notice of these volumes with a clever passage, which will show that, in spite of great defects, our fair author has, nevertheless, her interval of power and beauty.

"As she sat down on one of the velvet cushions, the little innocent in her arms stretched out its hand to grasp the riband of its mother's guitar—and struck, in the vain attempt, the now useless strings. The sound they gave, thrilled through every vein of Eveleen: it seemed the voice of her poor cousin; and she burst into an agony of tears. Flood after flood had gushed forth, and passed away, when the sudden apparition of the widowed Villiers startled her by its suddenness. No living Villiers—she could scarcely believe it! for his face, his figure, his hollow eye, and hollow voice, bore witness that the ravages of mental suffering are not much inferior to those of death itself. He stood looking upon her, and the child, in frightful stillness; then snatched up his boy, and disappeared by the way he came. Anxious for the child, and apprehensive of every act of its father's, Eveleen was justified in following them as quickly and noiselessly as possible. When she gained the gloomy chamber, which she had not entered since Lady Villier's death, and closed the door behind her with a convulsive sigh, Lord Villiers looked back from the side of the bed: she saw there were no tears upon his cheek, or in his eye,—no movement in his features; he looked wound up to the performance of some desperate or awful act. Tears yet hung upon her pale cheeks, but those in her eyes were dried up by nameless apprehension.

"You do not come to reproach me!" he cried, with stern misery of tone; "yet if you do, you may; I care not! I know I killed her—I deny it not! I am going to pass sentence upon myself; death is too happy for such an one as me!"

"Cousin,—dear Lord Villiers!" Eveleen repeated faintly, her whole body shaking at the strange fire of his eyes, "it was not you,—Heaven's will alone —"

"No holy lying to me!" he madly interrupted. "Her mother spoke the truth,—the merciless truth! My violence,—the frenzy I was driven to,—the way in which I went from her, without look or kiss! She guessed my desperate purpose,—her mother says she guessed it! and I

would not return till my very servant gave me up!"

"Eveleen now comprehended that it was not his bereavement but his guiltiness, unjustly aggravated to him, which was thus maddening Lord Villiers; she endeavoured to make him hear her earnest assurance, that her cousin had never suspected his fatal purpose: but the wild ocean, in its wildest rage, is not less restrainable than was his tempestuous grief; his roused soul, poured forth in heightened confessions of every past offence against his wife, in professions of self-detestation, and vows of self-punishment.

"You will not resume that horrid intent?" Eveleen questioned, aghast and trembling.

"Oh no!" was his answer. "Did I not say, death was too good for me now? I will do penance by living. After I have seen this murdered one laid in the grave, I will wander,—wander my life out, far from everything I love. Here, on his shrouded mother, I take leave of my boy!" and he held the unconscious child above the senseless clay that lay beneath, still and pale as monumental marble.

"There was determination as well as distraction in the excited looks of Lord Villiers. Eveleen besought him to consider, that he would be adding real guilt to a fancied crime, were he to desert his motherless boy.

"Think, you," he inquired, with something of his former bitter irony, "that I am so able a teacher of religion and morality? Would not good lessons choke me in the uttering? No! he shall at least bless my memory, for giving him into better hands than mine own. I'll have him taught to love and reverence everything I was taught to hate, or scold at."

"Oh, bless you for this!" exclaimed Eveleen; tears,—delightful tears, raining over her cheeks and fervently-clasped hands.

"True or false, they make man happier!" he resumed impetuously; "so he shall think them true."

"Then is his mother's last prayer heard!" ejaculated Eveleen.

"Prayer!—what prayer?" he repeated, "She had not time to pray."

"Before she suffered greatly, indeed she had,—she prayed earnestly for him, and you."

"When!—when? If this be true, then am I doubly damned for killing her." iii. 234—8.

The Picture of India: Geographical, Historical and Descriptive. 2 vols. London, 1830. Whittaker, Treacher & Co.

THESE volumes share the importance which the peculiar circumstances of the times impart to everything connected with India. "Geographical, historical and descriptive," they certainly are, as far as they go; and whoever is not conveniently within the reach of more ample sources of information, and desires to avail himself of an intelligent, though sometimes laconic *cicerone*, on terms by no means exorbitant, will find the "Picture of India" a pretty faithful panorama—a tolerably accurate, though necessarily rapid, and sometimes foreshortened, sketch of the leading features of the great oriental original. In accompanying the author through his historical and statistical delineations, the reader will seldom be in danger of going astray; for much diligence has unquestionably been bestowed in consulting the best authorities; and the elements of the general design are usually drawn from authentic sources. We have no fault to find with the execution of the work: the style, though not often elevated, is at all events easy, perspicuous, and not ill suited to the subject. It must be allowed that the author has laboured some portions of his "Picture" with great skill, but with too much extension; whilst now and then he has slighted, and somewhat blurred his canvas.

The keeping is not bad; nor does the arrangement of the component parts militate against the rules of art; but there is occasionally a want of proportion which offends the eye. However, it was the proposed object of the author to make a "popular book," and, in the qualified sense of the word, he has succeeded. The work will be of value to that immense class of readers who are anxious for general information in a compendious form, and who, with a laudable desire to learn, have neither time nor means of consulting those voluminous writers, who have devoted their lives to the study and development of a subject still thickly beset with mystical obscurity.

The first volume is devoted to descriptions of the boundaries, rivers, valleys, mountains, mineralogy, zoology, climate, &c. of India; with a cursory view of Ceylon, Penang, Singapore, Andamans, and a rapid *coup d'œil* of Macao:—all this, with a map of Hindoostan, including Africa, in order, we presume, to designate the locality of Ceylon, and a marginal chart of Bernam, evinces a commendable feeling in the author, and with the many neat, interesting, and illustrative cuts, (though, by the bye, that of Bombay is by no means good,) will be taken into the estimate, and satisfy the reader, that no pains have been spared for his gratification. The territorial researches of our author, after the ample views recently laid before the public by the masterly hand of Rickards, will not prove very *taking*;—not that any discrepancy will be detected; but, on so grave a point, we require elbow-room: and had the tedious narrative of Clive and his times been abridged, this important object, without swelling the book, might have been made more prominent. We are sick of Clive and of his administration; and with all his personal prowess, we would willingly blot out his "*début* and his *doings*" from the annals of British India altogether, if we could. Nor, at this particular crisis, when men's minds are forcibly and almost irresistibly attracted directly to the *India Question*, are we disposed to affix much value to "the early history of India." The villainies of the Dutch, the crafty injustice of our early campaigns, do not much tend, in our judgment, to throw lustre on those annals. Nor shall we derive much pleasure from retracing the endless acts of rapine, pillage, plunder, and violence, which form the leading features of that history. Honesty blushes at the perpetration of crimes, which, even in those early days, tarnish the transient brilliancy of valorous deeds!

But bringing the view down to our own times, we agree with our author, that a *Board of Control*, fixed at the distance of 15,000 miles from the seat of their government, and from what ought to be the seat of their immediate operation, and personal *surveillance*, is quite absurd. The Board may do their best to pry into existing abuses,—but really a distance of 15,000 miles opposes 15,000 obstacles! Such an immense distance must needs throw an offuscating film over their eyes, which the most honourable intentions, the most unsullied integrity and purity of purpose, would in vain attempt to remove. Besides, how easy it is in the Anglo-Indian Governor in Council to colour even the most ambitious views: at such a distance, control is a word without efficacy.

We recollect an anecdote which we understood to have occurred in the time of the celebrated Warren Hastings. It shows how extremely difficult even then, before our dominions were so immeasurably and complicatedly extended, the powers at home found it to control their governor, or supreme government, in India, even in trifles: and if in trifles, how much more in things of importance. On examining the items of expense under the Bengal government, it was observed, that 2500 rupees were entered in the schedule of annual expenditure as a charge for *office pen-knives*! (These were knives for the

native writers, &c. in the various offices under government.) Upon this occasion, forgetting their dignity as kings, and viewing the charge with the contracted eyes of mere traders, the Directors, in their general letter, called the attention of the Governor in Council to this shameful and exorbitant item, and, after animadverting in severe terms upon it, they pointedly directed in future that the hafts should be regularly sent home to be *new bladed*! In their next general despatch, the Council said not one word about the knives, or the hafts;—possibly they were ashamed of the matter. The Court, in their subsequent minutes, in reply to the Bengal general letter, express their approbation of the measures adopted in regard to some province, by which they were happy to observe that a material increase of revenue would be obtained, but felt themselves called upon at the same time to express their marked displeasure at the silence that had been so studiously observed about the *office-knives*, and their indignation at the unblushing continuance of the same unabated charge! The Bengal government blinked at all this, and the matter dropped.

Yes—there is a control required, which 15,000 miles will very generally and very effectually baffle. If at any time the Directors, in their high authoritative capacity, hold up the menacing rod of coercion or correction, and assume an attitude of disapprobation,—all that may soon be nullified and neutralized by some minute of Council, ingeniously drawn up, glossing and explaining away, and demonstrating that to be white as snow, which, to their honours "*did erst appear so shockingly black*!"

The author is at liberty to inveigh against the arrack-shops in India; they are a real nuisance. Perhaps, however, he is not aware that the consumption of arrack tends to increase the revenue. But though the lower castes of Hindoos will occasionally betray signs of the *muwallah*, the charge of drunkenness, as applicable to the *brahmin*, requires proof.

The sketch of Calcutta is true in the outline—but how the Esplanade assumed in his eyes, even in the rainy season, the appearance of a plain "*offensive with mire*," we know not. This we do know, that a finer, cleaner, or more spacious, ornamental, and ornamented plain, does not exist perhaps in Europe. All the beauty and fashion of the Presidency and of Fort William cover this *offensively miry* Esplanade in palanquins, on horseback, in a thousand various carriages, and on foot, every evening, to breathe and take exercise, after the exhausting heat of the day. A few such miry plains about London, we should account no disgrace even to the first city in the world.

Though the plain of Bengal, which runs from Calcutta, or, we would rather say, from Diamond harbour, or even from the flanking bank of Saugur Island, up even to Rajenal without a mound, or hillock, as high as a man's head, may, as far up as Budgebudge, have once been covered by the sea at high water,—we are by no means inclined to agree with our author, that what is now called "*the plain of Bengal, has at one time been an arm of the sea*." The trees that have been found about Calcutta fifty or sixty feet below the surface, with the trunks erect, we account a proof against the supposition: especially when it is remembered that these trees have frequently been found with their roots evidently in the situation in which they had grown. This is indeed a phenomenon; and it has puzzled men even wiser than the Asiatic Society. For it should be borne in mind, which adds considerably to the difficulty, that these trees, *with their roots still firmly fixed where they grew*, are on a level many feet below the surface of the sea, which actually flows up the Hoogly even beyond Bandell, and at least twenty feet below the bed itself of that immense River, one of the most sacred and prin-

cipal disemboing branches of the mighty Ganges. Even if we suppose these trees to have been antediluvian, we do not solve the problem; the difficulty still remains, unless we assume, on the illusory basis of the wildest hypothesis, that, previous to the flood, the face of India, and of the Indian sea, was considerably more depressed than it is at present. This must be assumed, or we must have recourse to convulsions and earthquakes, the usual facile method of smoothing inextricable perplexities. Some, indeed, have not scrupled to assert that, owing to the soft nature of the soil, the whole face of the country must at some former period have settled and sunk; and that in process of time the whole plain has again gradually arisen by alluvial deposit. That alluvial formations constitute generally speaking, the earth's surface, we know—but on this particular occasion, all human research must certainly terminate in vain speculation and nothingness, and can never be productive of any benefit to the great cause of science.

The author, having dismissed his trees, and taken leave of the plain of Bengal, gives us a view of the immense octagon Fort near Calcutta. He is not happy in stating that "*there are hardly any buildings within the walls*,"—we would rather say ramparts. There are very superb barracks and bombproofs for 4000 troops; princely edifices, in which superior officers generally reside, are erected over the gates; there is a magnificent edifice for the Commandant; and an excellent arsenal. What, though it would require 10,000 troops to man the works! that is no objection. The Fort is situated immediately on the bank of the Hoogly, and its only inherent fault is, that, in the course of time, it will certainly be demolished by the resistless force of the current, in spite of piles which, at an enormous expense, have been established from the gate to Calcutta, along the Respondentia. It is a noble fortress; and was constructed as a last holdfast and refuge in case of any dire necessity: the fate of the old Fort, the ruins of which are, for aught we know, still standing, which was carried by the natives, and in which our countrymen were so barbarously suffocated, was fresh in men's minds when it was designed; and the present immense fortification was intended to guard against the possibility of such another catastrophe. It was planned by a French engineer in our service. It is badly supplied with water.

We will not enter into the abstract, as stated by our author, of the company's revenue and expenditure. By documents laid upon the table of the House of Commons for 1827-8, it appears that, of late years, the annual deficit generally ranges at about eleven hundred thousand pounds. In this estimate, we do not observe the profit on the China monopoly brought to account. No matter; though it would be neither politic nor just to reduce the military establishment in India, either in point of numbers or in point of allowance, which should in no instance have ever verged below *full-batta*,—yet we do assert that an immense reduction, if it were a desideratum and consistent with the patronage of those concerned, might with much propriety be made in the civil establishment, which is too numerous, and much too highly salaried. Besides, why should Penang be charged at 195,418*l.* with a revenue amounting to 000*l.*? We know what Penang is, and we maintain that it might be kept in a state of respectability for one-third of the sum stated. A moderate tax upon imports would not ruin the settlers. St. Helena is charged at 119,511*l.* revenue 000*l.* Canton 320,761*l.* revenue 000*l.* If after this the company can sit down quietly with a deficit of a million annually staring them in the face, as stated by our author, without taking one step to improve their situation, whilst at the same time, the country generally is paying the 20,000 British troops, which

they require for the security of their Indian government, then we should say it is clear that there must be something wrong at head-quarters.

The zoological part of the work evinces good taste: the elephant, especially, is well described.

Bombay is soon dispatched; and though the author takes a glance at Malabar Point, the seat of the Commander-in-Chief, he says not a word of that immense sarcophagus in which the Parsees of Bombay deposit their dead;—not a word of Calabah, or Old Woman's Island, where there are Bungalow barracks for a regiment of Europeans; and which a late Governor, at a vast expense, endeavoured to join by a solid stone causeway to Bombay; but which, owing to the violence of the tide, was abandoned.

On the subject of the Hindoo character, there are many positions advanced by the author to which, in justice to the natives, we are bound to object. We protest against his gratuitous assertion, that "*there is nothing national or patriotic in their attachment, or even in their religion*." If this were demonstrated, it would indeed blacken the Asiatic! There is not perhaps a people on the face of the earth, by whom, *ceteris paribus*, more attachment is evinced. They are extremely attached to their country, and blindly and devotedly attached to their religion. The combined force of tyranny and oppression—the most marked degrading humiliation—the most insulting exclusion from every situation of honour, trust, dignity or emolument, in the administration and government of their own country—exactions of all kinds ever since the wreck of their primitive dynasty, and total subversion of their power by the Mahomedan armies—and the astonishing state of depression in which they are unaccountably kept even to this day,—eligible to no employment in civil life above the rank of a menial *cranni*, or clerk,—incapable of rising, by any act, however heroic, to any military grade above that of *subadar* (a degree lower than our Ensign)—under all this discouraging, revolting injustice, the Hindoo is patient, humble, submissive—his spirit and his pride are prostrated,—but his love of country beats warmly at his heart, and his zeal for his religion would do honour to a purer and a much better faith! It is a libel on the poor fallen Hindoo to deny him the few virtues, passive or active, which even the iron hand of despotism in the course of many ages has not been able to wrest from him, or even to control! What produced the unwarranted mutiny and massacre at Vellore, but the idea,—even the idea, that an innovation on religion was contemplated? The idea was unfounded, but the result was dreadful. The Hindoos, in short, are attached, ardently attached, to their country,—and it is but too notorious that they are, even unto martyrdom, most zealously attached to their religion. What inflictions, what pains and tortures, will not the Hindoo voluntarily endure, for the recovery of his caste!—Ignorant and superstitious, the degraded Asiatic is sufficiently unfortunate; and it would give us pleasure, to see judicious plans adopted to infuse knowledge, and to improve his condition.

After these objections to some few of the contents of the "Picture of India," we feel bound, in conclusion, to observe, that the errors which are discernible in the work are abundantly redeemed by its general excellence. We have not room for extracts—the work should be read through: it will support its place among the publications of the day.

The Fortunes of Francesco Novello da Carrara, Lord of Padua, an Historical Tale of the fourteenth century, from the Chronicles of Gataro, with notes. 8vo. By David Syme, Esq. 1830. Edinburgh, Constable & Co.; London, Hurst, Chance & Co.

To those who are fond of tracing local history in the chronicles of the middle ages, this volume

will afford much information and amusement. The learned Muratori, whose indefatigable labours have rescued some of these from that oblivion to which so many of them have been deservedly consigned, appears to have furnished the author before us with the materials of his book, which he has taken from the legends of Galeazzo and Andrea Gataro, found in the works of their learned editor.

The history of the house of Carrara appears to us chiefly valuable as it exhibits, with great truth, the spirit and manners of the time when Italy was split into a number of republics, and was distracted by the wars in which these were constantly engaged. It presents us with a striking picture of the Italian character, in which we discover selfishness, treachery, and want of faith, to be the distinguishing features; and the manner in which the Carrara family stand alone, untainted by the corruption of their countrymen, might lead to the inference that their historians have glossed over their failings, and magnified their virtues. Mr. Syme's volume commences with the abdication of old Carrara, father to Novello, in favour of his son, and the election of the latter to the Signory of the Paduans. It traces the rise and progress of his war with the Lord of Milan; records the hair-breadth escapes of Novello, when in the power of that subtle politician,—his return to Padua, and the final rescue of that city from his crafty but powerful enemy; and concludes with the confederacy of the Italian states against him, at the head of which was Venice, the most powerful amongst them; when, after a most spirited resistance, he delivers himself up to that treacherous republic, upon the pledged assurance of safety, and a provision for himself and family, but is immediately, with his two sons, delivered over to the hands of the executioner.

The book, upon the whole, is rather meagre of incident, and there is a want of variety which renders the perusal of it rather a task than a pleasure. There are many passages, too, which require notes. The author might certainly have considerably enriched his volume, had he been less sparing of elucidation. He seems to forget that if his reader be as wise as himself upon the subject of which he treats, he need not have been at the pains of writing for his instruction. There are many terms which should have been explained. We have no doubt, however, but the author will have the opportunity of doing this, and will avail himself of it in a second edition. We were disappointed at not having a more lengthened account of Sir John Hawkwood, one of the most extraordinary men of his time, whose father was a tanner, and he himself was a short time apprenticed to a tailor, but, says Fuller, he soon turned his needle into a sword and his thimble into a shield, at the sound of Edward's wars. Mr. Syme has bestowed a short note of ten lines upon him from Perceval's history of Italy, but we think that no reader would have considered a much longer note out of place upon a subject so interesting.

The style of this volume is generally clear and expressive; there is great simplicity, and it has moreover a certain air of antiquity very suitable to the subject. There a good deal of spirit and graphic power in some of the descriptions, and Mr. Syme has shown much good sense in shunning everything like meretricious decoration. We have mentioned the simplicity and clearness of the narrative: we shall here give a specimen in the sufferings of the citizens of Padua pending the siege of their city by the Venetian and Milanese troops:—

"Crowds had flocked for safety within the walls, bringing with them their cattle, and whatever they could remove, so that not only the houses, but even the churches, monasteries, and store-magazines were filled, while multitudes, who could find no other shelter, slept on straw, under porticoes and arcades. As the fodder fell

short, the cattle began to die, and the air was poisoned by the filth of the streets, and the exhalations of corrupting carcases. Provisions also began to grow scarce, and, taking advantage of the time, every one held his goods at a high price. The market rates were,—forty pounds of grain two gold ducats; a loaf four soldi; eggs three soldi; a pair of fowls one ducat; a turkey two ducats; sugar forty soldi the ounce; wax forty soldi the pound;—in short, all the necessities of life were very dear, and the bad air, and want of wholesome food, gave rise to a deadly pestilence. The invariable symptom of the disease was a small nut-like swelling, which appeared sometimes on the throat, sometimes on the limbs, sometimes on the arms, with acute fever, and in many cases with flux, so that in two days, or in three at most, the patient died. The deaths varied from 300 to 500 in a day, and from the end of June to the middle of August, there died in Padua more than 40,000 individuals, as was known by the register of deaths kept in the Episcopal Palace. The bodies were buried thus: Every morning cars went round to receive the dead, and in every car were placed from sixteen to twenty corpses. A crucifix and lantern were fixed on the pole in front, and each car was attended by a priest. Deep trenches were opened in the burying-grounds of the city churches, and into these the corpses were thrown and covered with earth. This was continued till the trench was filled, and each held from two to three hundred.

"A father might be seen bearing his son to burial,—a son his father,—a brother his brother,—a wife her husband,—the men moving along in gloomy silence, the women weeping and wailing aloud, so that Heaven must have been filled with compassion. Immediately after these dreadful obsequies, the citizens were obliged, their eyes filled with tears, their hearts with agony, to take arms against the bloody and relentless foe. Even in the Venetian camp the mortality was great, although, having more free space, they could better guard against infection. What more can be said? Since the destruction of Jerusalem, and the fall of Troy, never was earthly city so overwhelmed as the unfortunate Padua,—till then so rich and flourishing, and containing within the circuit of its walls as many wise and learned men as might have sufficed for the government of the universe." p. 219—21.

The execution of Novello Carrara and his sons is also very affectingly told:—

"Their fate was still undecided, when Giacomo dal Verme, the most inveterate enemy of their house, arrived in Venice, and was received with great distinction. Being called before the council and asked for his advice, he alleged many reasons for putting Carrara to death, insisting chiefly on the danger of allowing one so able and experienced any chance of escape. Hereupon the Ten decided that the Signor and his sons should die, and the Frate Benedetto, a faithful servant of God, who had frequently acted as Confessor to Francesco, was sent for, and directed to go to the prison and announce the sentence. The good Friar fulfilled his mission, and having confessed the Signor, and administered the Holy Sacrament, took leave with many tears. No sooner was he gone, than two of the council of Ten, and two of the council of Forty, entered the dungeon, followed by one Bernardo de' Priuli, with twenty executioners. Bernardo and his men moved towards the wretched prince, and prepared to lay hands upon him. He put himself in a posture of defence, and for some time kept them off. At last they got in upon him and threw him down. Bernardo put a cross-bow string round his throat, and drawing it tight, stood over him till he expired. This was on 17th January, 1406, and next day the body, habited in his suit of Alessandrian velvet, with his sword girded round the waist, and his

gold spurs upon the heels, was buried in the Church S. Stefano agli Eremitani. He was of middle stature, stout, and well formed, of a dark complexion, and somewhat fierce aspect, but considerate, gracious and kind to his people, merciful to all, wise and brave.

"This unjust and cruel sentence being executed, the Signory next ordered the sons to be put to death. The same Friar Benedetto prepared them for their end, and the most cruel of those who were present wept with them when they took leave of one another. Francesco Terzo was taken to the place where his father had suffered, and was strangled by the same Bernardo. The homicides then returned to young Giacomo, who trembled as he saw them draw near, and with a hoarse voice, asked if it was done. They replied it was, when with a deep sigh, raising his eyes to heaven, he prayed to God to have pity on his soul. Next, he intreated permission to write a short letter to his wife the lady Belfiore at Camerino. This was granted, and the materials for writing were sent for. With an unsteady hand, and his eyes suffused with tears, he told her, that in that very hour he was to die in the dungeons of Venice. He implored her to pray for his soul, and having finished the letter, gave it to some one to send to the lady. He then flung himself on his knees, and was strangled while repeating, '*In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum.*' The bodies were thrown into a boat, and conveyed to the Church S. Marco Bacallare in the Lagunes, where they were interred carelessly, and without the rights of sepulture.

"Francesco Terzo was in the thirty-first year of his age, tall, stooping a little, and large limbed. He was a brave and spirited cavalier, a man of great talent, but somewhat quick-tempered and vindictive, dark-complexioned like his sire, and squinting with one eye.

"Giacomo was in his twenty-sixth year, tall, and as handsome a cavalier as any in Lombardy, fair like his mother, reflective, mild-tempered, and a lover of God. His address was uncommonly sweet and winning, his air angelic. Yet was he high-spirited, active, and brave. If he had lived, he would have been another Scipio Africanus, but this was the sad termination of his promising career." p. 236—39.

The Family Cabinet Atlas. Part I. London, 1830. Bull.

AMONGST the gems this is one of no small brilliancy, if we may judge from the specimen on our table. Minuteness of form has not impaired the clearness of delineation, and compression as to space has been more than rivalled by a very ingenious method of arrangement in such manner as to secure to the geographical student, the information for which hitherto he has been obliged to resort to works of the largest dimensions. This little fasciculus is highly creditable to the artist, Mr. Starling; and the proprietors, as if to secure every available modification, have judiciously adapted the plates to a size uniform with those powerful claimants to notice—the Family Library, The Family Classical Library, and Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia; to each and all of which we may with truth assert, this Atlas will form a worthy and praiseworthy addition.

A Comparative Grammar of the English, French, and Italian Languages, &c. By Mrs. Eaton. London, 1830. Holdsworth & Ball.

THIS is one of the clearest and most comprehensive comparative grammars which has ever come in our way. Within the short space of 350 pages, Mrs. Eaton has compressed all that the student of any of those three languages may need to know respecting their etymology and syntax,

while at the same time it forms the best elementary work on general grammar which can well be conceived. The introductory chapter on this subject, drawn up in the form of a dialogue, is peculiarly luminous, and does great credit to the judgment of the fair authoress, who seems to be well acquainted with the workings of the youthful mind, and the best modes of supplying it with knowledge. We therefore particularly recommend this book to mothers, even if their object should be no other than to teach their children the principles of the English language, as they will understand these much better by comparison than when viewed singly.

The Carcanet: being Select Passages from the most distinguished Writers. 2nd edition. London, 1830. Pickering.

WE are nowise surprised that this elegant little volume should have arrived at a second edition. The apothegms and specimens of beautiful writing which it contains, are suited equally to inspire a love of virtue and a taste for what is good and elegant in literature.

The Servant's Guide, and Family Manual. 12mo. Limbird.

THE chief value of this manual consists in its being a compilation from a variety of sources, the result of the experience and observation of different writers, carefully selected and ably arranged. The duties of each class of servants are succinctly treated of, and a multitude of precepts and receipts are brought together in due order. We do not pretend to answer for their practical use: and it may be remarked moreover, that the editor, imitating the practice of Dr. Kitchiner, has taken the opportunity, in recommending the use of various articles, to name the individual vendors of each, in such a way as to excite a suspicion of puffing. The various matters appertaining to the peculiar office of every servant in a large establishment, from the housekeeper to the gardener, are detailed, and referred to by an ample index.

Translations into Verse, with other Poems. By E. F. Paris, Galignani; London, S. Low.

WHEN we took up this little volume, we were nearly stopped in *limine*, by the perusal of the first line:—

"Ah! our first interview had you but known."

This was not very encouraging, it is true; we did however venture to proceed! and although in the progress of our reading, we could not discover anything of a very high character, we met with some pleasing passages, and several epigrammatic pieces of considerable point. The author is a man of some talent, and if he be young, may do better. We have read many worse volumes of poetry than his.

DEATH AND THE WORLD.

BY MISS JEWSEURY.

I CALL the world a gay good world,
Of its smiles and bounties free;
But Death, alas! is the king of this world,
And it holds a grave for me.

The world hath gold—it is bright and red;
It hath love, and the love is sweet;
And praise, like the song of a lovely lute;—
But all those with death must meet.

Death will rust the gold, and the fervid love
He will bury beneath dark mould;
And the praise he will put in an epitaph,
Written on marble cold!

GEODESICAL SURVEY OF IRELAND.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Conversazione, April 7.

Mr. Faraday, in attempting to lay before the members an account of the proceedings in this elaborate undertaking, requested the indulgence they had so often granted him, when endeavouring to explain matters with which he was, as he modestly expressed himself, imperfectly acquainted. The great survey of Ireland, which formed the subject of this evening's discourse, has, it is true, been carried on for some time; but no notice whatever has appeared in print relative to any of the ingenious operations connected with it; neither has the government, under whose auspices it is conducted, been furnished with any official report of the proceedings. Mr. Faraday had been provided with such a knowledge as might enable him to explain the general principles of the survey, through the kindness of the gentlemen connected with that department in the Office of Ordnance. The members might therefore consider themselves indebted to government, as well as to the attention of individuals, for the interesting information he hoped to communicate on that evening. They were likewise under obligations to the East India Company, who had permitted them to inspect a very beautiful apparatus, now nearly completed, for a similar survey in India.

We are free to confess, that, at first sight, very little interest is excited by operations of this nature. The idea of mensuration, as it is known in the common business of life, seems scarcely to comprise any but the most ordinary operations, and to be little more than what a child might perform with perfect success. The common routine of land-surveying, though it embraces more complicated forms, and requires more practical knowledge of geometry, is still within the reach of persons decidedly not scientific. Practice alone can give the necessary facility; and an art which does not call forth the powers of invention, is regarded more as a mechanical trade, than an intellectual employment.

Did the survey of a large country offer no more interest than the operations we have just described, some apology would be necessary for the long notice we feel ourselves called upon to present to our readers. That we are justified in thus presuming on their patience, will, we think, be readily granted, when the extraordinary difficulty of the undertaking is made apparent.

It was the object of government to possess a perfect delineation of the United Kingdom, to a scale sufficiently large to show even the detail of considerable estates;—and, some years ago, the survey of England was commenced, with every attention to accuracy, under the superintendence of experienced officers of engineers and others. A considerable number of these maps have been already published to the scale of one inch to a mile, under the title of the "Ordnance Survey"; and though the scientific skill and practical address with which the great operations of the survey have been conducted, afford a specimen scarcely equalled by any similar undertaking, yet the topographical details have been very generally criticised as imperfect, and by no means commensurate with the rest of the work.

The leading points for the completion of the map of Great Britain having been finished, in 1824 it was thought advisable to extend the survey to Ireland; and the care of the undertaking was, as we are informed, intrusted to Col. Colby.

The great experience acquired during the survey in England, naturally led to the adoption of means conducive to greater accuracy in a subsequent survey; and some considerable improvements suggested themselves, particularly

in measuring a base line—an operation we shall presently explain. It was determined, therefore, to construct the map of Ireland to the scale of six inches to a mile, and great part is already completed and published. It has been rumoured that this survey will be ultimately made a legal authority, in respect to quantity and boundaries of land; and if so, a decided advantage may result to the public from so ready a mode of ending the many disputes about ancient limits, &c.

The principal operations connected with the delineation of a large tract of country, such as a kingdom, are, first, to ascertain certain principal points at great distances from each other, and so disposed, as to their number and position, that, if lines be drawn from one to the other, the whole country will be divided into a series of triangles.

This is performed by choosing elevated stations, from which other conspicuous points can be seen, and then measuring the angles under which they appear with the most accurate instruments. Other stations are then chosen, until all the angles of the different triangles throughout the country are correctly ascertained. We have now the data for laying down all the points so observed; but as yet, we have no notion of the real distances of any of the objects, or, in other words, of the size of the country, because the angles give only the ratio which the sides of the triangles bear to each other.

It is easy to imagine that, as all the triangles are in contact, if we either know, or assume the length of a side of any one of them, we can immediately deduce the relative dimensions of all the others. It is therefore necessary to measure such one side by actual application of some standard measure—as feet, yards, or miles, by which we shall establish the distances and dimensions of the whole survey. The line so measured is technically termed a "base line," because it serves to regulate and give a positive value to all the calculations. When the principal points are thus fixed, the succeeding operations of filling in the intervals between them, is a comparatively easy operation; and the ultimate survey of the detail presents still less difficulty. Now, were the earth a perfectly level plane, or nearly so, and were the air always clear, the general triangulation would require little more care than is necessary for land-surveying in general. Points might be chosen at convenient distances, and no considerable source of error would lie in the way of a perfect representation, save the inevitable inaccuracy of the instruments employed to measure angles. Such, however, is not the case in reality. Mountains, lakes, and rivers, interfere to prevent the view, or remove the stations to such distances from each other, as to be visible with difficulty, after great fatigue of constant watching; and the different level of the stations so found requires the most careful calculation.

We shall have occasion presently to notice the extreme difficulty attending this part of the survey; but, in order to give our readers a general view of the whole operation, we request they will presume the triangulation to be already effected by the means we have described.

We proceed to the measurement of a base line. Now, it is obvious enough, that the longer this line is, the greater will be the accuracy of the whole survey; but here, still greater difficulties appear than in the business of triangulation. It is easy to see a distance of forty or fifty miles from the tops of mountains across valleys; but it is very difficult to find a piece of ground of any considerable extent, so level as to enable us to measure a continued line with the accuracy requisite in establishing a base line; for the measure we use cannot, to be manageable, exceed a few feet in length. Thus it happens, that the base line always bears a

very inconsiderable proportion to the whole survey, or even to the sides of the great triangles; and in proportion to the shortness of this line, so must be the accuracy with which it is measured; because an error, though trifling in itself, is multiplied into a sensible quantity before the work is nearly gone through.

We will here remind our readers, that inaccuracies of measurement are never very important, but when they are liable to increase by frequent repetition. Thus, if we compare two yard measures, it is easy to see whether they are the same length within the 100th of an inch—a degree of accuracy more than sufficient for ordinary purposes; but if we wanted to ascertain the length of a yard, and had only one inch of it to measure, the case would be very different; for then, if we made an error of 1-100th of an inch, it would give the yard 36-100ths, or more than one-third of an inch wrong.

In measuring a line of some miles, with rods of a few feet only in length, it may be imagined that the error, induced by constant repetition, would be increased far beyond that of the familiar example we have just given, supposing the causes of error to remain the same. Now, these causes are principally the expansion and contraction of the rods employed, in different states of the atmosphere. All substances expand by heat, and contract by cold, but in very various degrees; for instance, among the metals, brass is more expandable than steel, and lead more so than either. Wood alters its length by change of temperature less than any metal, but still it is affected to a considerable degree; besides which, its expansion is influenced by moisture—a circumstance that renders it unfit for any very nice measure. There being no substance in nature which is adapted singly to form an invariable standard of length, recourse was had to the method of compensation, on the principle of that already practised with the pendulum,—namely, by making two rods, one of brass, the other of steel. They were ten feet long, and placed parallel, about two inches from each other. The ends were connected by cross pieces, fixed to each bar by a pivot, and projecting two inches beyond the bars. At the ends of these cross-pieces was a small plate of silver, having a minute dot so situated that the superior expansion of the brass rod, beyond that of the steel one, caused this dot to retain its place, whatever change of temperature the apparatus might be exposed to. The rods were enclosed in wooden boxes, standing on trestles, and provided with the most careful adjustments in every direction. The ends of the rods did not touch as they were put successively in advance; but a box provided with two microscopes was fixed between the ends of the bars,—the distance between the centres of these microscopes was six inches,—and they were also mounted on the principle of compensation. The dots on the cross-pieces of the rods were brought precisely into the foci of the microscopes, so that the space advanced by every shifting of the rods was 10 feet 6 inches. This apparatus was executed by those eminent mechanicians, Messrs. Troughton and Sims, and comprised a great variety of ingenious contrivances of difficult execution, which it is impossible to render intelligible by mere description. The principle alone, we trust, we have explained, and it therefore remains for us to advert to the actual operations performed by this curious mechanism.

The position which seemed to offer the least difficulty was a flat piece of ground, on the east shore of Lough Foyle, in Londonderry. The ground, for the distance of seven miles and three quarters, was there sufficiently level for the purpose, but the river Roe was to be crossed; and if this had been of extraordinary depth, it would have been a fatal obstacle,—unless, indeed, it had been thought worth while to build

a bridge;—as it was, however, the surveyors, by driving piles, were enabled to construct a firm platform for the apparatus, quite across the stream, which was 460 feet broad. To prove the extreme accuracy of these operations, it may be mentioned that the breadth of the river was measured twice, and the two measurements differed from each other only 1-33th of an inch. A mountain prevented the further extension of the base line; but as it was thought advisable that it should be ten miles long, it was continued to that extent by careful triangulation; and it was presumed that the greatest error did not amount to more than half an inch in the whole line.

Having thus traced the leading features of the survey, we may be permitted to mention some interesting facts attending the operations.

With respect to the great triangulation, the stations were often recognized at distances which seem scarcely credible, considering the generally hazy atmosphere which prevails in northern latitudes near the sea. We had occasion to notice, some weeks ago, the extraordinary light produced by exposing quick-lime to the action of oxygen and hydrogen gases.† This was found to be visible at an immense distance in the night-time, while the ingenious contrivance, called the Heliostate, which reflects the sun's rays from a mirror constantly to one point, was resorted to by day. These aids were so efficacious, with the assistance, moreover, of powerful telescopes, that we find, among the many observations during the triangulation, that objects were recognized at the following extraordinary distances:—101, 98, 93, 101, 85, and 107½ miles;—and, in one instance, when making an observation across the Channel, from a mountain in Pembrokeshire, to one in the county of Wicklow, in order to connect the survey of Ireland with that already performed in Wales, the distance seen was 108 miles; but, to give an idea of the difficulty attending such operations, it is sufficient to state, that the observer, in this case, waited five weeks before he could accomplish his purpose.

During the whole of this survey, above 600 persons, of different conditions, were, and are still, constantly employed, either in measuring, calculating, drawing, engraving, or performing the laborious part of the undertaking; the consequent expense, as may be imagined, is very great.

It may naturally be asked, what advantage is likely to result from the possession of such an extremely nice delineation of a country? Do we gain much by knowing whether Dublin is twenty yards more or less distant from Belfast?—certainly not. We have already expressed an opinion, that some good may be derived from the detail of the enlarged scale, but this is unfortunately the least scientific part of the survey.

Our readers must not suppose that we are inclined to deprecate the extreme nicety of these operations, or to pass the smallest censure either on those persons of talent who conducted the work, or suggested its execution. Far from it; it is, however, necessary to state a popular objection, in order to show that the survey may be still of inestimable value, even supposing it to fail in the most obvious utility. It was thought at the time this survey was commenced, and the hope still exists, that some important deductions relative to the figure of the earth may be arrived at, and from what we have said on the subject of multiplied errors, it must be pretty evident to our readers, that the greatest possible accuracy is requisite to render observations of a small portion of the surface useful in computing the figure of the whole globe. The advantages to be derived from a correct knowledge of the earth's form, may lead to various information relative to astronomy and navigation, which it

is utterly impossible to foresee. The very operations connected with these and all other elaborate researches, are calculated not only to improve the means of observation, but also to open collateral sources of knowledge, where least expected in the particular drift of an inquiry.

Such is the view of the fair but boundless field of science enjoyed by us short-sighted mortals. Veiled in the obscurity of interminable extent, distant objects rise but dimly to our view—we pursue them through intricate and mazy paths, that often lead not where they seem directed—but our labour is seldom lost; we often fail to acquire that which we strive to obtain, but as often bring back in lieu some unlooked-for treasure of superior value. But without labour, nothing can be gained; and those inactive minds that stand fearfully waiting the immediate reward of every step they would fain advance, though their example may prove a salutary check on the extravagancies of enthusiasm, will never deter the enterprising spirit of true genius.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Thursday, May 13.—The President in the chair.—A paper by Dr. Carter, R.N. descriptive of a Mummy found in Peru, was read by Capt. Sabine. According to the learned Doctor's account, the process of opening, embalming and swathing the corpse, was very similar to that used by the ancient Egyptians.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Thursday, May 13.—Hudson Gurney, Esq. V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Ellis read a communication relative to some antiquities discovered on the race-course at Newmarket, which were laid out on the table. They consisted of a stirrup-iron, a spur, and a pike-head, all of iron, and the supposition is, that they are of Roman origin.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY, KING'S MEWS.

AMONGST the various exhibitions and scenes of display which we have lately visited, no one has excited in our mind a more lively interest, or feelings of a more pleasurable nature, than we found arise from an investigation of the numerous contents of the National Repository. The unwieldy movements of a dramatic elephant, or the glowing, if not brilliant, prodigies of a fire-swallowing Frenchman, may astonish a gaping multitude, but no more—their effects end there; and there are few who, having once seen them, either care to repeat their visit or remember the performance by any particular feeling of pleasure which it has inspired. Now we feel convinced, that of those whom curiosity or chance may conduct into the National Repository, very few will depart without carrying away the pleasing reminiscence and tangible evidence of the successful exertion of skill and perseverance in some article of utility or luxury. Nor can we, as British subjects, refrain from thus calling upon our fellows to witness and encourage the spirit of competition so worthily and nobly directed; to foster the energies of the manufacturing aspirant, and to secure to our own country that character for talent and industry which, without such encouragement, she must be content to forego.

Of the numerous claimants to notice, we single out a few for our more particular announcement; and in doing so we are guided by the peculiarity of our own powers of judging, and not by any wish to show a preference to one more than to another.

In the department of science, the *Cosmosphere* of Dr. Müller (No. 24) is one of the most pleasing specimens of ingenuity we have seen for some time. A terrestrial globe, surrounded by a transparent sphere, on which are distinctly

marked all the fixed stars of magnitude, and yet so constructed as to allow of the ordinary revolution, and the solution of all the more important problems—is a novelty which, we apprehend, must ensure its own success.

Justly sharing in interest with the *Cosmosphere*, is the *Folding Terrestrial Globe* of Mr. Pocock of Bristol (No. 61). By means of pliable paper, (or silk, according to the further proposal of the inventor,) the student may compress into his pocket or hat, a hollow globe of four feet diameter, which he can inflate at pleasure, and on which he may work most of the problems requisite in the pursuit of geographical science.

The large solid globe (No. 382) of Mr. Addison, of the Strand, is deserving notice, from its size and superior execution.

Of the articles of domestic economy and elegance, we should do our fair readers an injustice were we not to recommend to their notice, the beautiful flannels of Mr. Smith, of Mossley, near Manchester, (Nos. 141, 142); and as we hope to make another visit to this interesting collection, we close our present notice with an observation respecting the article in question. It was manufactured by Mr. Smith from a small quantity of wool, obtained on credit from influential interference, and rejected by most of the trade in London as an useless fabric; it was subsequently seen by competent judges, at the Repository (we believe); it was admired, and bought; and, from being an humble and rejected workman, Mr. Smith has now the gratification of supporting the population of a whole parish by his assiduity, and finds it difficult to produce a supply adequate to the increasing demand. For our own parts, we can safely say (and we saw with more than one pair of eyes) that we never beheld a more beautiful manufacture.

FINAL DESTRUCTION OF YORK MINSTER.

WHEN this noble structure was consumed by fire, the consolation remained that it could be restored to its pristine beauty, as documents existed, in rescued fragments, casts, and drawings, on which to remodel it; so that a change from age to youth would be the only result of what at first appeared an irremediable injury. That consolation is now lost, and York Minster suffers under a severer infliction than mere fanaticism could subject it to. Puritanic zeal might deface its form, but the soul of beauty still remained; mad enthusiasm might give it up to the flames, but the germ which contained the elements of reproduction was preserved. This, however, has been thrown to the winds, and a bastard slip planted in its place. But to come to plain matter of fact.

When this our national Monotheism was destroyed, the public were called upon to subscribe to rebuild it; the authorities pledging themselves that the structure should be restored as nearly as possible to its former state, and congratulating the world that sufficient evidence remained to effect it without leaving much cause for regret.

The next step, however, was conclusive; an architect was engaged, who is as notoriously unfit for such a duty, as the managers showed themselves unfit for theirs in selecting him, and the result is now apparent—the new edifice is a new one from Mr. Smirke's designs!

The roof, which was lofty and pointed in a manner peculiar to the style, is replaced by a low obtuse-angled covering, appropriate to Greek architecture, and even that wretched thing is cobbled. The government were applied to for oak, which, it was supposed, they alone were able to furnish properly seasoned and of good quality; a quantity of *teak* was given from one of the national arsenals, but on its arrival at York, the logs were found to be all too short for tie-beams. Instead of procuring others, either of teak or oak, the architect determined

† See account of Lecture on Photometry, of 19th March: *Athenæum*, No. 126.

on using what had been sent, and had recourse to the miserable expedient of employing what are termed dog-beams to eke out the length. To effect this, the walls have been loaded with some tons of iron! to tie the timbers together; so many tons of iron have indeed been used, that the cost of it will amount to as much at least (we speak advisedly,) as the best and most appropriate oak timber would have done in the first place!!

Of the stalls which were destroyed, both the design and execution were of unequalled beauty; fortunately (it was thought) original drawings by Carter of most of these existed, and were immediately tendered by their possessor for the purpose of restoration: that the architect never looked at them we cannot aver, but that he paid no attention to them we can safely assert; and the carvings are all executing and executed from Mr. Smirke's designs!

But this is not all—at a late meeting of the subscribers in London, it was accorded to the architect's desire, that the beautiful organ screen should be removed; this has only to be confirmed by a meeting similarly composed of similar wisecracks at York, and we may exclaim with the Hebrew mother, when the ark of God was taken captive—"Ichabod"—the glory is departed.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

MR. ETTY is almost an historical painter; but he is not yet, and we doubt if he ever will be, completely one, in the true sense of the appellation. The qualities necessary to entitle an artist to that honourable name, in which his works are deficient, may be few; but, though few, they are important, nay, essential. His designs display vast hardihood; his attempts are bold, and we cannot but applaud his courage. His execution, moreover, shows a mastery so complete over the materials with which he works, that there can be no doubt that his hand would be capable of doing justice to whatever conceptions his mind should form. But perfection of execution is not the perfection required in historical painting: it is an accessory only, and not the principal. It is not enough that, in a performance which aspires to rank with epic poetry, we can find cause for admiring clever and effective colouring and correct drawing; the historical, the epic idea, is the point in chief to which every intelligent observer, be he artist or amateur, will direct his inquiry; and if the production fail in that particular, he will refuse to place its author on the list of historical painters. Now, Mr. ETTY does fail in the creative part of his works: his productions evince no elevation of mind; they inspire no loftiness of thought in the beholder; in their conception they have no poetry, no grandeur of character, no grace, no dignity, and—the consequence of the absence of these requisite ingredients—no historical feeling. Mr. ETTY is bold—he is vigorous; but his boldness and vigour are not of the true kind: instead of being grand and ennobling, they are coarse and degrading—they are the vigour and boldness of the rude animal, and not of the cultivated spirit; of the myrmidon, but not of the hero.

The character which we have thus given of Mr. ETTY's attempts at historical painting, which is little more than a repetition of observations which we have heretofore had occasion to make on productions of the same artist, is more than justified by his picture, "Judith," which forms so conspicuous and attractive an object in the Exhibition at Somerset House. We shall, therefore be excused perhaps by our readers for examining it somewhat in detail.

The act which it is the object of the artist to illustrate by this painting, is to be understood, we take it, as an heroic exploit: it is represented as such in the sacred writings; and who can

doubt that the intention of the artist was, or should have been, to adopt the idea of the original from which he has derived his subject? Yet this Mr. ETTY has not done in his painting; the constitution of his mind, perhaps, was an obstacle to the accomplishment of such an object: his mental composition, as all his works attest, tends rather to the coarse than the beautiful; and even if it were his intention to treat his subject heroically, it was not in his power to do so. Let the most ardent of Mr. ETTY's admirers point out, if he can, the least indication of heroic feeling in this picture! Let him produce a person who, on regarding it, had his feelings aroused—a single emotion excited. The deed supposed to be performed by Judith, divested of certain considerations, would be one of horror, no doubt; but those considerations taken, as they require to be, into account, its character becomes altogether changed—the circumstances under which it is supposed to be perpetrated not only hallow it, but render it an act of sublime devotion. Yet what is there of sacred—where is the sublime—in Mr. ETTY's composition? Is it in the lengthy straddling figure of Judith, as void of grandeur and dignity, as of beauty, in form no less than in attitude, skulking from the tent like a common murderess, and only occupied with the risk of detection? Did the expression of the countenance of Judith, after her dreadful office of avenger was executed, present a task which Mr. ETTY feared to grapple with, and drive him to have recourse to his ingenuity to find a reason for averting the face of his principal figure, thus throwing the chief expression of his picture on the head of the female attendant? By the course he has followed, he has abandoned the opportunity of exercising the powers of his mind and pencil on a subject of a lofty and imposing nature, to deal with one of far inferior grade. The argument of the picture, instead of being the noble act of a heroine, raised by her enthusiasm far above the weakness of her sex and the feelings of humanity, is the natural horror of a menial at a command of murder. That in the expression of this sensation there is sufficient display of power, will be readily conceded; but it will be as certainly granted that it possesses neither grandeur nor beauty. And having mentioned the quality, beauty, we may remark the total absence of it—requisite as it is to the perfection of an historical painting—from every part of the design of this picture. As a design, in short, as an effort in the highest branch of art, we cannot but regard Mr. ETTY's "Judith" as a failure. With regard to its execution, however, it deserves to be spoken of in different terms. That it is beautifully painted, nobody will deny. The drapery of the female receiving the head of Holofernes, is especially delightful, and the light and shadow on the back of the sentinel slumbering on the ground, is also most effective. The heads of the two soldiers reposing on their arms, are fine, and although mere accessories, form that part of the picture which approaches most nearly to the character of grandeur. The sky and background, although liable to the charge of being somewhat meretricious, have a character of mystery, which produces an effect almost imposing.

But if we fail to find the qualities of historical painting in Mr. ETTY's "Judith," where are we to seek them? Mr. BRIGGS' "Ines de Castro," which would appear to be next in pretension to the "Judith," is much farther from the mark. The design of this picture presents an example of the greatest fault which can be committed by a painter who aspires to be historical, namely, the want of truth. Every figure is performing; but, like bad players, performing without suiting the expression to the action. Look at the boy in the foreground. He uplifts and clasps his hands (squeezing his white handkerchief between them,) with all the energy of a hero of tragedy, in an agony of grief or rage: yet his counte-

nance would become a little urchin, hugging to his bosom some favourite nestling, which his mamma was imploring to have taken from him, that it might be given to the pouting pet, his sister. The other figures are almost all equally attitudinizing. The ruffian in the distance shows his bared blade, and wraps his cloak around him in most theatrical guise; and Dona Ines herself employs a most winning manner of interceding for her infants. Who would read in that sweet, placid, bewitching countenance, the anguish of a parent in the act of being separated from her children?—much less could we find in it the resignation of despair, and the solemnity of an appeal to heaven for justice. The best expression in the picture, is that of the attendant, who, with his hand on the arm of Dona Ines, appears to await the order of Don Alphonso to release him from her importunities. The head of this figure is good, but the action of the figure is too stage-like. The figure and head of Alphonso, perhaps, are free from the affectation remarkable in the rest of the picture, the features are regular and appropriate. With regard to expression, the countenance does not absolutely, like the other heads, sin against truth, but still it is wanting in marked character; it would suit as well the friend as the foe of Dona Ines and her children; it is not more indicative of the hoary ambitious villain, than of the venerable sexagenarian whose good deeds would follow him to the grave. The colouring of Mr. BRIGGS' picture, taken as a whole, is heavy and opaque: it wants the richness and feeling for colour observable in Mr. WILKIE's picture on the opposite side of the room. Yet there are some effective parts in it. The composition of Dona Ines and her daughter, excepting always the expression of the head of the former, is very delightful, beautiful, and full of grace and feeling. Mr. BRIGGS has certainly a tendency to the graceful in more than an ordinary degree: and, in aiming to give this quality to his pictures, he would succeed better, perhaps, were he to trust more confidently than he does to his natural talent, and not let the study to excel, in a part to which he feels himself drawn by an inward bias, lead him on to overstep the mark, and commit him into disagreeable affectations, and fantastical mannerism.

But Mr. WILKIE's historical work, "The reception of the King at Holyrood House!" Have we overlooked that splendid picture? By no means; but, clever as this production is as a painting, it seems to us to want, equally with the rest, the historical character. The domestic, in fact, and not the historical feeling, is what Mr. WILKIE's nature has formed him most to succeed in. But besides the want of the high qualities, in the absence of which no picture can be called historical, there are defects in this performance of Mr. WILKIE which the most unreflecting amateur will not fail to discover. The very forced attitude of the two principal figures is the most striking of these faults. The figure of his Majesty is awkward, with an effort to be graceful; the elegance it affects is that of the petit-maitre, and not of the prince; the thrusting back of one leg gives a dancing-master air, utterly destructive of majestic effect. The Duke of Hamilton is in a most uneasy position: he is painfully on the stretch, as if it were necessary to hold the emblems of sovereignty within the royal reach, and yet to keep as far as possible from the sacred person. In the left-hand corner, the female leaning forward is another instance of forced composition, while Lord Hopetoun resembles, of all the world, a spectre statue on the stage; and the head of the author of Waverley has more the appearance of the bust of a Hermes than a representation of a living bard. Were the occasion a funeral procession, we should conclude that the subject was an anticipation, and that the Scotch preserved the

custom of the ancient Romans, of introducing the statues of their ancestors as mourners. In the execution, however, this picture is full of richness and harmony, and displays consummate knowledge and skill. The tone is delightful, and affords a good lesson to artists who affect the chalky style, too prevalent in the present day. The effect of the flag floating from the castle, and partially catching brilliancy from the rays of the sun, is charming; the red of the costume of the yeoman of the guard is most splendid; the group near him, with the dog, is somewhat spotty; the red cap held up above the King wants due support from the figure to which it belongs, and which is kept in the back-ground to give relief to the figure of his Majesty.

The three pictures we have mentioned are the principal ones in the present exhibition which claim to be treated as historical compositions. They afford a lamentable proof of the poverty of the country in productions belonging to that class of the Fine Arts. In our next we shall proceed to notice less ambitious, but more successful performances; we are thinking more especially of the Shylock and Jessica of Mr. Newton, which, in its kind, we regard as almost a perfect picture, considered with reference either to its design or execution. We have in our eye one or two other attempts also worthy of commendation and encouragement.

SIGHTS AT THE WEST END.

IN compliance with sundry polite invitations, we spent the afternoon of Thursday in a round of visits at the West-end. We first looked in uninvited, at Mr. Christie's, where the sale of the late President's Prints was going on, and where there was an exhibition preparatory to the sale of

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS.

Our attention was too much occupied with these, to notice the prices at which the engravings were knocked down; our readers, therefore, must pardon our omitting to give them any information on that head. The pictures of Sir Thomas Lawrence, taken as an entire collection, are extremely interesting, although of that description, which would have more merit in the eye of a painter than of an amateur. We might mention several, however, which would be precious gems in the most magnificent gallery in Christendom. Such, for instance, we consider the large picture by Rembrandt, subject—"The Wife of Potiphar accusing Joseph." This, for harmony, and brilliancy of colouring, and powerful effect, we have rarely seen equalled—even by Rembrandt himself. The "Bathsheba bathing," is a more highly-finished picture, but is a less masterly production than that we have already mentioned. The pictures most likely to attract attention after those of Rembrandt, are several by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in various degrees of preservation. Many of them were delightful specimens of purity of style; others were distinguished by their feeling and composition. The latter we remarked to be the case, particularly with the "Portrait of a Lady in an attitude expressive of Meditation," which is a very delightful portrait, so full of poetry, as to deserve to be considered an historical figure. Two canvasses, containing Sir Joshua Reynolds's various experiments in colours, with his written memoranda, are curious relics of that great master: the memoranda are partly in English, partly in Italian. The collection contains upwards of twenty pictures by Fuseli. The sale takes place this day. It was but a step from King-street to the Egyptian Hall; but the distance from the works of Sir Joshua to

MR. WALKER'S PAINTING OF THE DELUGE, was somewhat more considerable. We consider

Mr. Walker to lie under two mistakes:—First, he errs, we think, in painting in the style he does; and next in deeming that an exhibition of such a painting as the "Deluge," finished or unfinished, can exalt his reputation as an artist. Under the same roof is an exhibition of

MR. LOUGH'S SCULPTURES.

These consist of several casts, the result of the labours of the artist during the last year, in addition to several with which the public are already acquainted. The novelties are "Dr. Middleton blessing two Hindoos," round statues, and "The Battle of the Standard," a composition of numerous figures of men and horses. The design of the former is highly creditable to Mr. Lough; the figure of Dr. Middleton is full of character, noble and grand; the Hindoos are badly grouped and want connexion. The execution of the whole is bad: the drapery, especially, wants simplicity, and is terribly broken up. "The Battle of the Standard," as Mr. Lough has treated it, is not a fit subject for a composition of round statues, the confusion is ill suited to the simple character of the art. The work may be ingenious, for aught we know; but it is not ingenuity that we want in sculpture, we can afford to leave that to the Chinese workers of ivory. Mr. Lough, too, however ingenious he may be in certain departments of execution, is poor in invention. He has little originality. One of his figures is almost a copy from the statue commonly known as the fighting gladiator, and we suspect that any one who would take the pains of examining "The Battle of Constantine," would find the model of most of his horses and horsemen. From the Egyptian Hall to the

PETIT LOUVRE,

which Mr. Buchanan has adorned with one or two additional paintings. In our former notice, we omitted mention of a very splendid Wouvermanns, the smaller of the two, which strikes us as one of the richest and most perfect specimens of clever execution and harmonious and varied colouring we ever set eyes on. The masterpiece of Teniers, the "Tir à l'arc," although sold, still remains on exhibition. The brilliant Cuyp we believe is also sold, but still adorns this gallery. The novelties are two pictures by Ruysdael, both delightful compositions.

Tempted by certain female prattle, which assailed us right and left from the outside of this gallery, we were Goths enough to go immediately from a collection of ancient masters, to that sublimest of all standing Exhibitions,

THE COSMORAMA.

Several novelties have lately been introduced into this popular show, of which we have on former occasions expressed our approbation, not for the improvement in taste for the Fine Arts, which the public are likely to derive from the paintings, but on account of the accurate ideas it is capable of conveying, when ordinary pains are taken to get good drawings, of certain interesting localities, which few have the opportunity of visiting. The "Island of Philæ" and its magnificent Egyptian antiquities, form an admirable subject of this kind; it is represented with very tolerable effect. The other new views are "The City of Rome," "The City of Geneva," and the "Temples of Juno and Concord, at Girgenti," with several others, which our limits will not allow our enumerating. The last-mentioned view is one of the best painted; but none of the new ones are equal in execution to the former splendid ones of the "Church of St. Gudule, at Brussels," or the "Pass of Mount St. Gothard." These are still to be seen, and were they alone, would be worth visiting. Those who have formed a Cosmorama acquaintance with the interior of St. Peter's, may now behold the exterior, which is one of the new views. The glories of that noble piazza might have been more adequately and effectively represented.

Portrait of Thomas Moore, Esq. Engraved by W. H. Watt, from a painting by G. S. Newton.

THE name of the subject of this plate, will insure popularity to the engraving. For, whatever may be the opinion of the literary critics—we write in our capacity of reviewers of works of art and not of letters—there is no poet or author of our days, excepting Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, who has excited so much enthusiasm, and so much public interest in his person, as Mr. Moore. The resemblance now published is a striking likeness, and possesses a great deal of character. The voluptuary by nature is evident. The engraving although somewhat too coarse, is effective, and would tell well framed. We recommend it to all who sing, or like to hear sung, "Love's young dream," "The harp that once," or, "Come send round the wine."

ITALIAN OPERA.

FOR the first time in our lives we have not been disappointed in expectations formed of a coming prodigy. Signor Lablache has fully justified all that was said of him, and we believe little was left unsaid. He is both a singer and an actor of the first order. To the most surprising powers of voice, he joins the greatest refinement of taste and cultivation. His acting is easy, pure, animated, and natural in every respect. In the latter faculty, he equals the average of even first-rate performers; in his more conspicuous attributes of a singer, he is undoubtedly without a rival. We cannot give an idea of the force and tone of his voice. It is an organ of equal strength, flexibility and precision—and he manages it with the utmost possible facility, so that in passages which would seem to require the most exertion, there is not the slightest labour, or hesitation, or symptom of either. The countenance is without distortion, the voice flows easily on; and one feels assured there is no risk of any obstacle or weakness,—the most delicious assurance in listening to difficult music. His style is particularly free and bold. He seems to let his impulse have its way, and yet it never in the least degree exceeds the limits which a fine taste and scientific judgment would prescribe. The reception given to him was particularly cordial,—and the humorous opening of his part gave continual scope for a renewal of the applause that greeted him on his entree. The aria "Udite tutti, udite," served to exhibit very early in the play, those amazing and varied powers of which we had previously heard so much. It was given with singular effect, and made the audience impatient, during the intervals of his absence, for a fresh display of this excellence. What follows for some time, demands from the performer little more than an exercise of dramatic effect, of which Signor Lablache showed himself a perfect master. His stupid deafness, and attempted concealment of it,—his irritability and paternal joy at the expected elevation of his daughter by marriage with the Count, were all admirably portrayed. But the actual *ne plus ultra*, the point of excellence where he most startled and surprised his audience, was at the conclusion of the quartette "Tu mi dici che del conte," when he joins in the choral swell at the words "Andiam subito a vedere lagrand tavola e il deserte, che onor grande ci farà." His voice here burst forth like a peal of thunder, and set us all at bay. There was no knowing how to express the particular impression it made—and, while some were gaping in mere natural astonishment, others were shouting, others clapping—and not a few laughing. It was encored and repeated with undiminished effect.

But we have no time to glance even superficially over his merits in detail. There was

keeping throughout;—and with the same degree of excellence as he commenced, so he accomplished his performance. Full of talent and rich colouring, it is remarkable how free from buffoonery is his acting, and how modest and unostentatious his singing. He obtrudes upon no one else; but preserves his own eminence without disturbing the order or relation of the others. We shall have a better opportunity next week, of examining his characteristics, when the first effect of his splendid performance shall have ceased to stupify us, as it now does, into a mere indiscriminate admiration.

We have neither room nor inclination to enter into the merits of the other performers, further than to say, that the most delightful of operas is produced in a most delightful manner, save and except the profanation of Madame Malibran in the part of *Fidalma*, whose funny fancy we reprobated a year ago, and cannot be reconciled to now. There can surely be nothing gained by disguising herself and the music of Cimarosa, both the one and the other being then most agreeable, when most natural. But it entertains her,—and she must be allowed some little entertainment, in requital of that for which we are so disproportionately her debtors.

HUMMEL'S SECOND CONCERT.

A more numerous assemblage of beauty and elegance never honoured the performance of any professor, than that which graced the Operaroom, on Tuesday morning. It was quite full, with a majority, we should suppose, of at least, ten to one of ladies. We shall confine our notice to the instrumental performances at this Concert, as being the most interesting from their novelty as well as excellence. We gave an account of the new Concerto, in A flat, by Mr. Hummel, in one of our previous numbers, and have no reason to alter our opinion of its various beauties. It was repeated on this occasion, by desire, and was performed if possible, with increased effect. We had afterwards the gratification of hearing a sonata of Mozart, for two pianofortes, performed by Hummel and Moschelles. As Mozart is one of the very few composers whose rare and unquestioned genius commands unanimous suffrage, we shall merely say, that the sonata was equally, as regarded the execution of both performers, and perfectly well played. It was quite delightful to see the two greatest Pianists of the present, or, perhaps, any period, disdaining the petty jealousies and rivalries that so frequently degrade the musical profession, and each supporting and honouring the talent of the other: it was an example of liberal feeling well worthy imitation.

Hummel's Grand MS. Septuor,† in the second act, was the most perfect performance of its kind that we have ever heard; there is a beautiful combination of science and melody—an harmonious distribution of the parts, each being admirably adapted to the powers of the instrument it is written for, and an equality of arrangement, by which all are alternately distinguished and brought forward according to their respective capabilities. There are four movements: the first, a brilliant and effective allegro; the second, an adagio, or rather andante, exhibits a succession of beautiful and original *motivi* for all instruments. It is a musical conversation of the highest intellectual order, of which every sentence is sensible, elegant and appropriate. The *Scherzo* which followed is all light and life, gay, sparkling, enchanting—such, perhaps, as only Hummel can write—only Hummel can play. This observation will equally apply to the last movement which (if further proof were

requisite,) would alone confirm his reputation as a practical musician; for we have no hesitation in saying, that nothing of greater difficulty was ever written for, or played on the pianoforte; at the same time both composition and performance were pure, classical and intelligible. Looking to the names of the performers, it is scarcely requisite to observe, that all the parts were played delightfully, not only with a true feeling of the author's intentions, but also in the best manner of the distinguished artists who performed them.

The conclusion of the Concert was extemporaneous; and, in compliance with the request in the bill, which was read by Sir George Smart, and seconded, in very tolerable English, by Mr. Hummel, two themes were offered by some of the audience;—the first, a *ranz des Vaches*, or Swiss air, (which, by the way, we are rather tired of);—the second, a few bars of something, we could not exactly understand of what description, but certainly not melody—an extract, we suspect, from some very inferior German production. Mr. Hummel appeared somewhat discouraged by the unprofitableness of the materials presented to him, but, of course, did not reject them. We wish he had done so. He commenced with an introductory *adagio*, followed by some light and playful variations on the Swiss air; he then modulated through a variety of keys into an elaborate fugue, in the progress of which he displayed all the enthusiasm of powerful genius, with the consummate art and refinement of the most profound musical science. Having submitted to the temporary restraint of the second theme, which he dismissed as soon as possible, he gave the reins to his imagination, and revelled in the mazes of melody and harmony, to the exquisite delight of his audience, and, we should suppose, his own entire satisfaction. During this most happy inspiration of talent and genius, he occasionally introduced a few bars of an old English song, “the flaxen-headed cow-boy,” which he played and sported with in a manner at once so masterly and so fascinating, that it might have been listened to for hours without a feeling of satiety. But enough of this. If Hummel plays again, we are determined to hear him; and if this Concert should be (as advertised) a “last performance,” its recollection will retain its place in the musical department of our memories when time shall have rendered us insensible to new sounds—in capable of receiving new impressions of melody. “Then will the harp of other days bring music to our souls,” and renovate us with the remembrance of its beauty and sweetness.

THE THEATRES.

FRENCH PLAYS.—HAYMARKET.

WITH the exception of Moliere's “*Tartuffe*,” there have appeared no novelties this week at this agreeable theatre. We have already wearied our readers with reasons for finding small amusement in the plays of Moliere, as they affect us on the stage, and shall only say, therefore, that Léon and Madlle. St. Ange were good, but that Perlet and Mars are not so easily rivalled.

Madlle. Irma's Benefit, on Wednesday, ought to establish her fame as an actress. Her performances as *Suzette*, are only too real and too afflicting; and Pelissié, though he wants Potier's exquisite delicacy, gives a more fiery and effective representation of the part of *Bertrand*. We are happy to see several novelties announced for next week.

SURREY THEATRE.

THE little prodigy Burke, who, we fear, will not always remain little, and therefore will not always be a prodigy, took his Benefit on Tuesday night—on which occasion he performed the part of *Shylock*, in a three act drama, occa-

sionally known by the name of “*The Merchant of Venice*.” Whether this boy's talent is native or mechanical, there is great praise to be laid at *somebody's* door, and inclining, as we do, to the marvellous in most things, we prefer attributing to him the sole merit of these precocious achievements, rather than apportioning any to a possible instructor and drillmaster. There is certainly enough evidence in his performances of an *esprit*, that cannot be taught, to warrant our belief, that very little of what we so much admire in him is not his own. The notion of *Shylock* in such hands as his!—and very forcibly delineated too, and with much discretion and acuteness of discernment in the successive features of the character!—it seems almost incredible. Yet, all this it was; and if anything could add to our astonishment, it would be the display—not of variety and contrast of talent—for that we might expect in a boy like him—but of the physical strength that enabled him after this tragical effort, to go through a comic part, in which he supported the piece on his own little shoulders, not by enacting a single character, but many. He met with the applause he deserved, and we trust he may continue to deserve it long after the time when ordinary prodigies reach their grand climacteric.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

‘THE greatest surely of all mental pleasures is the re-awakening of our old associations. In what a strange disorder of connected yet intertangled trains does memory, that essence of the past, lie buried!—sometimes in her shroud of interwoven fibres she sleeps a sleep that never will be broken; sometimes, awaiting only the finger of Time, she lies dull and torpid, lurking in her traceless dwelling, like sound in the strings of an unawakened instrument. manifold and beautiful are the modes, strange, sudden and unspeakable the moments, in which the harmonies of those inscrutable chords are touched into re-existence by the hand of Time; and the longer that music hath slumbered, the more potent and spell-like its tone when re-awakened; and the deeper and intenser the thrill it sends through the reverberating frame. Of all the means and of all the objects which produce and create to us this mental blessing, the sweetest certainly are these three—the notes of an air, the smell of a flower, and the eyes of a fair woman.’

We agree perfectly in the sentiments of this beautiful passage, and particularly admire the instances selected as the pleasantest by which old scenes and occurrences can be revived; but a recent observation has convinced us, that, happily selected as they are, there is one other they must undoubtedly all yield to, namely, that most delicious of all earthly enjoyments, the repetition of an ancient joke—of a joke one has laughed at and loved in the days of one's childhood. How suddenly and sweetly does it recall to us that happy era of innocent existence, of that full and free rushing of our youthful blood, that tingling propensity to immoderate and irrestrainable laughter, when nothing came amiss to us; when we never wept but over the pages of a jest-book; when we cracked our sides at the repartees of a merry-andrew; when we inked our faces even for the pleasure of laughing at ourselves—the days, in short, when anything was fun. This it is for which we see Mathews; in receiving from his mouth these pleasant reminiscences of our childhood, we feel that our youthfulness is not yet all departed; and, forgetting our spleen about the change of times, we once more rush heartily into the intoxicating humour of our better days. Mathews is decidedly the greatest antiquarian of the age; how many a racy standard old joke, that was once the pride and the joy of our forefathers, would have been lost to admiration for ever, had it not been recovered from the dust of oblivion by his indefatigable researches! What are genius, originality, and invention, when compared to this rare talent for revival! and who

† Instruments:—Pianoforte, Violin, Violoncello, Contrabasso, Flute, Clarinet, and Trumpet. Performers:—Hummel, Mori, Lindley, Anfossi, Nicholson, Willman, Harper.

shall place the flimsy glare of modern witticisms in competition with these ancient and invaluable gems? They savour of the spirit, they partake of the sap, and they remain to us as pledges of the merits of our glorious constitution. Exceeding well therefore does Mr. Mathews deserve of the public, and still better will he deserve of posterity, for diffusing and perpetuating an acquaintance with these inestimable relics. It is obvious that whatever has been good, will always be good; and these sort of things are much too apt to be forgotten.

We have witnessed the new exhibition at the Adelphi, and if any one who has been there thinks us insincere in the preceding panegyric, he cannot by any means partake in those pleasurable emotions we have described ourselves as deriving from the leading features of the performance—the predominance of the old jokes. The casing, however, in which these rare old gems are exhibited, is not throughout of the best texture or quality; there is a little too much carelessness about this, though comparatively, to be sure, an unimportant matter. The ease, however, and humour of Mathews's recitation, defies a notion of failure: his vigour and energy seem to continue; and some passages were almost as effective as any we ever heard from him;—the 'Creole Assembly,' the 'Irish Berring,' 'Mr. Dyspepsy' (already spoken of), and another thing or two, were as rich as could be. The "Monopolylogue," however, is certainly a failure—from weakness of design, not of execution.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

The Circus, on Tuesday evening presented a very agreeable novelty, "The Shepherd of the Tyrol, and the Swiss Milkmaid," performed by those accomplished equestrians Messrs. Ducrow and Miss Woolford. The lady first appears in very picturesque attire having under her arm her milk pail which in the course of a round or two she transfers to her back. The swain comes cantering along after the maiden, and as he beckons to her from the opposite side of the arena, Mr. Ducrow managed to give so much effect to his gesticulations, and like a skilful artist, threw so much space into his picture, that we could almost fancy him on the summit of the Brenner saluting his fair mistress, as she was enjoying the prospect from the heights of the Righi. *Phyllis* is coy, and flees at the approach of *Damon*: the speed of the shepherd, however, is greater than hers—perhaps, too, she but feigned to flee—he gains upon her—at length he overtakes her. Then, by dint of a few cajoleries, most prettily performed, and at last, by the present of a beautiful bouquet offered on his knees, he propitiates his fair enslaver. The two then canter on together abreast and in most amicable temper, forming some very pretty and effective grouping. At length *Damon* espies a letter in the bosom of his *Phyllis*—this he snatches and gallops away with,—the race is then inverted—*Damon* flees at the top of his speed, and *Phyllis* follows with all her might: the former opens the letter and goes through all the pantomimic rage of the jealousy-stricken lover—he tears the paper to atoms, his own hair, raves and stamps—*Phyllis* implores in vain. He relents, and relaxes his pace, she comes up to him, but her spirit is now up, and she again avoids her lover. Hence another pursuit; and at last a reconciliation takes place, the mounted mountaineers embrace, and make their bow and exit. This equestrian ballet was very delightfully executed by both performers; Mr. Ducrow's pantomimic was as excellent as his horsemanship.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

—Madlle. Mars, (says *Le Globe*), is engaged until the end of May, to play in "Hernani," at the Théâtre Français, after which she will proceed to England, there to perform in the same tragedy.

As Fawcett and Mrs. Davenport are on the eve of retirement from public life, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to inform them, that the former appeared first at Covent Garden Theatre in 1791, and the latter made her *début* on the same boards in 1795.

—The ruinous effects to managers of engaging nightly performers are becoming every day more evident. We are informed on unquestionable authority, that at the last performance of Kean and Young in *Othello* and *Iago*, the whole receipts of the house prior to half-price, were insufficient to pay these two performers' salaries!

—Drury Lane still continues in an unsettled state;—various claimants for the dignity of manager are spoken of,—the best candidates are Mr. Harley and Mr. Dunn the treasurer, who, it appears, have great weight with the committee.

—A new three-act piece, by Mr. Howard Payne, will be brought out before the close of the season, to be entitled, "The Spanish Husband, or First and Last Love," report does not speak very highly of it.

—The increasing attraction of Miss Paton has induced the managers of Covent Garden to extend her engagement to next season, and on very advantageous terms to herself.—An opera of splendid interest has been some time in preparation, and will appear on the opening of the next campaign.

—Miss Fanny Kemble and her father will shortly take a provincial tour. *Lady Townley* is said to be the next character Miss Kemble will enact.

Vesuvius.—The Neapolitan journals announce, that two new openings in the crater of Vesuvius have just broken out, emitting large quantities of burning and bituminous substances. The preceding day loud internal explosions were heard.

—Our northern cotemporary announces that the Rev. Hyde Cassan is about to publish the *Lives* of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. No doubt the worthy prelate has possessed a plurality of *livings*—but we fear he will not have another life to enjoy them.

—Horace Vernet is finishing a painting of large size at Rome, representing the Pope in the act of pronouncing his benediction—*Urbi et Orbi*—in the presence of an assembled multitude. The scene thus transferred to canvas, the painter witnessed during the Easter holidays.

—A new telegraph (day and night), invented by a French admiral, is to be used in the expedition against Algiers: the light serving for signals may be distinguished five or six leagues at sea.

—Some French silver coin of the reigns of Philip le Long and Philip of Valois, have lately been dug out of some masonry in the Canton of Vitteaux, supposed to have been buried when the English invaded Burgundy in 1359.

Fossil Remains.—In a cavern near Palermo, a very large quantity of fossil bones have just been found—the remains of hippopotami, elephants, mammoths, and other species of animals no longer in existence.

Press in Turkey.—A journal in French and Turkish has been proposed to be published at Constantinople. The speculators (French) have solicited the Sultan's permission, and only wait the official formalities to commence operations.

—Laurel oil, if applied to the walls and doors of places where meat is kept, has been found effectually to keep off flies.

Antiquities.—Several interesting discoveries have been made at Tarquinium, Corneto, and other parts of Etruria. Eight or ten tumuli have been opened. The frescoes on the walls of the chambers are in pure taste, and good preservation. Several vases, extraordinary in size and beautiful in execution were found within the tombs.

Improvement in Lithography.—Senefelder, the inventor of this art, is now at Stuttgart, where he is busily employed upon bringing to perfection, a new invention which is of the following nature. By means of a single plate, he prints off a painting in oils, and is then enabled to illuminate either an engraving on copper or from stone, in all the modifications of its shadings. We are told, that he has already made such pro-

gress with this invention as to afford the promise of results, which bid fair to form an era in the art of illuminating prints. He has also invented artificial plates of stone, which are a most essential improvement upon the natural plates hitherto made use of; inasmuch as their portability and cheapness will greatly reduce the expense of the plates, and at the same time, give facilities of transmission and carriage, which the ponderous stones at present employed have never possessed.

Saltatory Sect.—Chief Justice Sylvander, during his official tour through the northern provinces, was witness to a most extraordinary scene, enacted in the province of Nordbotten on the 27th of December last. On that day, the notorious sect of the Leser, or Lazari, who have brethren in Norway also, assembled at Budbye, where a number of persons of either sex, old and young, appeared *in statu naturæ*, and indulged in the most indecate dances and saltations. A magistrate of that place having summoned the principal actors in this disgusting scene to answer for their offence, they affirmed that "they were but the instruments of religion, and acted according to its inspirations." According to their own account, they stand in nearer relation to the divinity than any other race of mortals; and they hold every sort of clothing to be fitting for those only who are in a state of sin and labouring under the curse of the first-created, Adam.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, May 1.—On Thursday last, the following degrees were conferred:

Bachelors of Arts: H. C. Nowell, Exhibitioner of Corpus Coll.; Viscount Villiers, and the Hon. H. F. A. Barrington, of Christ Church; T. J. Ormerod, of Brasenose Coll.; and J. Bliss, of Oriel Coll.

CAMBRIDGE, May 14.—At a Congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:

Bachelor in Divinity: Rev. D. Jones, Queen's Coll. Masters of Arts: S. Best, King's Coll.; Rev. T. Drury, Pembroke Coll.; S. Dawes, Caius Coll.

Bachelors of Arts: L. W. Sampson, Fellow of King's Coll.; C. Powell, Trin. Coll.; H. M. Atkinson, St. John's Coll.; W. Biscoe, Queen's Coll.; J. Saunders, Jesus Coll.; A. M. Parkinson, Jesus Coll.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Morgan, the reputed author of "The Reproof of Brutus," is about to publish a Letter to the Bishop of London, in reference to his Lordship's Letter to the Inhabitants of London and Westminster on the Profanation of the Sabbath.

The Rev. John Romney, B.D. is about to publish *Memoirs of the Life and Works of his Father, George Romney, Esq.* the eminent Painter; including various Letters, &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Rainold de Rohas, 3 vols. bds. 17. 11s. 6d.—*Douglas's Truths of Religion*, bds. 8s.—*Hone's Every-Day Book*, 2 vols. 8vo. bds. 11. 8s.—*Hone's Table Book*, 6vo. bds. 14s.—*Hooker's British Flora*, royal 12mo. 12s.—*Maudslayi's Traveller's Lay*, post 8vo. 5s.—*Moore's Works*, 11 vols. post 8vo. new edition, 51s.—*Our Village*, by Miss Mitford, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*Sir Ethelbert*, by the author of *Santo Sebastiano*, a Romance, 3 vols. 11. 4s.—*The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck*, by Mrs. Shelley, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—*Travels through the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt*, by the late James Webster, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 12s.

Weekly Meteorological Journal.

Days of Week.	Thermom. A.M. P.M.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 6	63 63	29.73	N. to N.E.	Clear.
Fr. 7	73 63	29.50	S.E. to S.	Ditto.
Sat. 8	67 63	29.00	S.E.	Rain.
Sun. 9	50 50	29.65	S.W.	Ditto.
Mon. 10	55 48	29.07	S.E.	Showers.
Tues. 11	50 50	29.40	N.	Cloudy.
Wed. 12	47 50	29.50	E. to N.E.	Ditto.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M., and 8 P.M.

Precipitating Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus, and Nimbus.

Mean temperature, 60½—atmospheric pressure, 29.35.

Astronomical Observations.

The Sun and Mercury quartile at 2h. P.M.

The Moon and Jupiter in conjunction on Wednesday, at 8h. P.M.

Length of day on Wed. 15h. 24m.; increased 7h. 40m.; Sun's horary motion 2' 25". Logarithmic number of distance .004604.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

RUPTURES.

COLES'S PATENT TRUSS, for a Single Rupture, has three Springs; a Double Truss, has but one Spring generally, with a bit of cork for each pad. Gentlemen will find, on inspection, that Coles's Patent Trusses are the best in use, which is proved by Testimonials from Sir Andrew Compton, and twenty other Surgeons; all which is contained in 'The Gazette of Health,' price 2d., published by W.M. COLES, Truss-maker to His Majesty's Forces, 3, Charing-cross; and may be had of all Booksellers.

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